THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No. 32 POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1927.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Statutes of Ontario, in that behalf, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the Executor of the said estate, B. VandeBogart, Napanee, P.O. R. R. 6, on or before the 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

W. B. WILSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.

Dated this 19th day of July, 1927. 34-d

REAL ESTATE.

Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts; Good country store business proposition; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

FOUND—Yale key with lead seal attached. Owner apply at this Office.

WANTED — Experienced maid, middle aged woman preferred. Apply MRS. C. WAITE, Bridge St., Napanee. 35

WANTED—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. J.O.F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 31e

FOR SALE—House and lot in South Napanee. Frame house, good garden, immediate possession. Apply HARRY SEYMOUR. 31

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

TO LET—Modern Apartment in central residential district, newly decorated, hardwood floors, moderate rent. A very comfortable home for couple. Apply to E. L. BEDORE. 36-a

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number Eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, more or less, known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—J. A. Birrell's good large house and four lots, also splendid garden, barn and other buildings. Also grinding and feed mill business for sale. Bargain for quick sale. See this property, owner leaving town. JNO. WILSON. 34-bp

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITOR'S

In the Estate of Lavina Jane Anderson, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to Statutes of Ontario, in that behalf, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Lavina Jane Anderson, late of the Township of North Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, married woman, deceased, are required to deliver or send to William J. Shannon, Executor, Napanee P.O., on or before the 6th day of August, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said 6th day of August, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for the said Estate.

Dated this 5th day of July, 1927. 32-d

TAMWORTH.

Miss Eliza Coulter and her friend, are visiting in Kingston.

Mrs. G. W. House and daughter, of Ottawa are visiting friends in Lennox County.

W. J. Paul has returned home, after visiting his son, Ross Paul.

Miss Gertrude Kiddy, nurse-in-training, has returned to Brockville, after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kiddy.

Mrs. Wagar and daughter, of Hamilton, are visiting her son, Clare Wagar.

Mr. Whaley, of Westport, visited friends in town on Sunday last.

Reuben Dodgins and friend, of Selby, called on friends in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. Shipp, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. B. Floyd.

Russel Shier, wife and family, of the Northwest, are guests of his father and brother.

Campers are very numerous at the back lakes.

Mrs. Margaret Gilmour, aged 80, died on Saturday last. The funeral was held on Monday at the United Church and was largely attended, Rev. R. Breckenridge officiated. The remains were taken to Reidville for burial.

Pat Murphy passed away on Monday. The funeral service was held Wednesday at the R. C. Church, Erinsville.

Huckleberries are very plentiful at $1.00 and $1.25 a pail.

Rev. Mr. Caswell was in Napanee on Monday last calling on friends.

Mrs. William Shannon passed away Tuesday night, at the age of 55. The funeral was held on Thursday at Christ Church.

Mrs. (Rev.) Ballantyne, of Montreal, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown.

Binder Twine.

Plymouth Binder Twine and Horse Fork Rope or Horse Fork Chain at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Baldwin Sheds Coat and Tells Canadians To Bank on J. Bull

Britain's Prime Minister spoke at the Canadian Club, Montreal on Monday in his shirt sleeves.

Sweltering in the midsummer heat and the oppressive atmosphere of the Windsor Hotel ballroom, Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin flung convention to the winds, and, amid an outburst of laughter and applause, doffed his coat. In a striped black and white shirt, a canary-colored vest, club tie and soft white collar, he spoke "as man to man." There is nothing stuck-up or snobbish about Stanley Baldwin. You cannot help but like him. Throughout his meal he chatted gaily with Archbishop Gauthier, and before the majority of the troops in the city's half-way through their lunch the Premier produced his famous cherrywood pipe and puffed away to his heart's content. "Is that Canadian tobacco?" was the query fired at him from the press table, during a lull in the meal. He replied: "Not yet, sir; that is coming along later." The Premier smilingly declined a cigar.

PLEA FOR EMPIRE TRADE.

Before an unparalleled attendance, the Prime Minister of Great Britain put forward a strong plea for intra-Empire commerce, which he followed up with a more colloquial talk on the claims of public life as an obligation upon men and women. In sketching the main activities of the Empire Marketing Board, the Premier showed that not only in opening up and stimulating markets does that board render service, but by new research methods and investigation of a scientific character it is promoting a more constructive system of utilizing the resources of the Empire for all the countries within it.

At the outset, a whistle was blown and the stentorian request was heard from the corner of the room: "Will Premier Baldwin look this way while a picture is taken?" The Premier and all present complied while the flashlight was made.

General Panet briefly introduced the Premier, referring to his modest 16 lines in "Who's Who," and the fact that he was shown to be a member of the Travellers' Club. While he briefly extolled his membership, said the President, Premier Baldwin was loudly hammering the table to address the audience as follows:

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE BRITISHER

"Gentlemen: I have been overwhelmed by the reception given by the City of Montreal to your guests last night and this morning. So far as the welcome was extended to me, I must confess fully that it was not so much to me as a man, but to the Prime Minister of the Mother Country, and I know that an equally warm welcome would have awaited any statesman, to whatever party he belonged, as a mark of your sense of unity and as a mark of a sense of sympathy with the man who bears perhaps the heaviest burden of to-day in the Empire.

"I may say that the spirit of that welcome was such that when I got back to the hotel after it I felt like saying something that I had meant to say to you except a little bit which I am going to give you now, and so I am relying upon the inspiration of the moment. If you will allow me, when I have said what I have to say, just to talk as one man.

"I want to tell you first of all, because you are all business men in Montreal, something of what we are trying to do in England to-day to help both the Empire spirit and the Empire trade.

THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD.

"We are, you know, devoting a considerable sum of money every year, a maximum in one year of $5,000,000, to the services of a new board called 'The Empire Marketing Board,'" and although that body is a new one, and although it is essaying to do something in a way never tried before, I believe that it has made progress, and I believe that it is going to play a very important part to the benefit of us all in two different ways, which I will try to make clear to you.

"This board works in very close co-operation with the Government of the day, and the bulk of the money which it is spending at present is a very important campaign of what you very well understand in the New World as publicity. The board employs the services of a board of writers and artists of imagination to aid us in that work. The board, to use it in own words, does not set themselves to advertise an idea rather than a commodity. They are trying to create in the consciousness of Empire among the people of Great Britain, and they want to carry with that consciousness a constructive value for the part of the individual, first of all in Great Britain, to men and women in other parts of the Empire, and subsequently, I hope, throughout the Empire to men and women living in other parts of it. That is the first step to create an atmosphere.

LEAVEN ALREADY AT WORK.

"I am quite sure that at home this leaven has already begun to work. If you go into any of the big shops today, not only in London or the chief provincial centres, but even in the country, you will find now that people are quickly alive now to the demand for British and for Empire goods, and that these phrases are gradually acquiring a real sales value. I am quite confident that it is only a question of time before that habit will take root among the people in Great Britain; for whatever our faults may be in the Old Country, we have a certain amount of tenacity and obstinacy, and if that idea of ours firmly established, our people will never lose it. (Applause).

"Now there is another side to this work, I think of equal importance, in which we have enlisted the co-operation of men from all over the Empire.

"The Imperial Conference spent some time discussing it last autumn, and it is this: It is the prosecution of scientific research throughout the Empire.

"Now I need not talk to an audience like this of the value of that kind of research. The number of pests of all kinds that attack crops and live stock is tremendous, and I have been told by many interested in these matters, that about one-tenth of the crops of the whole world, or one-fifth of the crops in temperate countries, are sacrificed to the ravages of some kind of pests—insect or otherwise—every year.

ENORMOUS WORK FOR HUMANITY.

"Now, nearly half the Empire lies within the tropics, so you will soon see of what importance that is to the Empire. But we at home suffer from things like 'foot-and-mouth' diseases, and from various crop ravages, and you suffer from rust, I think, rather badly at times in the West, and from other pests that attack the grain crops. If you can control the tremendous wastage that occurs, you will be doing an enormous work for humanity.

"We started in Surrey, in England, a new kind of zoo, a parasite zoo, and they are working there to try to discover, to breed, and to send all over the Empire the right sort of parasites to attack the insects that do the damage.

"Then poultry production is another thing to which science is now devoting itself. We want to make the hen lay more and to lay faster. There is an enormous egg trade in Great Britain, of which we want a good share for ourselves, and while at present we are getting generous quantities from foreign countries, we want to see all the eggs that we cannot produce ourselves coming, as they out to come, from the dominions.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Kelley and daughter are guests of Mrs. Carscallen, Mrs Kelley's mother.

Rev. A. H. Creegan and Miss Kathleen Creeggan, of Gananoque were in town for the bowling tournament and the annual picnic of the parish of Tyendinaga to Twelve O'clock Point, when the congregation left by the C.S.P. steamboat dock at 8 o'clock in the morning, returning about eight p.m. There was a good crowd and the weather was ideal. Dancing was engaged in both on the boat and at the pavilion at Twelve O'clock Point. Sports were engaged in by the older ones, while the younger ones enjoyed rides on the merry-go-round.

SELBY.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Garrett and children, of Toronto, are visiting friends here.

D. Fitzpatrick and J. Denison spent Sunday last in Picton.

Mrs. and Mrs. E. Anderson and son, of Bowmanville, are spending a week with Mr. Anderson's father.

The late rains have hindered the farmers from getting in their hay, which is a good crop.

Mrs. J. Denison attended the W. C. T. U. meeting at Camden East on Thursday.

Miss E. Gonu, nurse-in-training at Toronto, and Miss V. Gonu, of Bell Rock, were recent visitors at F. L. Amey's.

A. C. Tummon spent a few days in Chicago.

A number from here went north picking berries.

RABBIT MEAT

The meat of a well fed rabbit is not only extremely tasty and palatable, but it also has a very high nutritive and digestive value, at the same time there is probably no meat the value of which has been so underestimated by the Canadian public. Unfortunately, in too many instances the rabbits exposed for sale are underfed, badly killed, poorly packed, and with the result that their appearance is far from appetizing.

The publications of the Dominion Department of Agriculture on the general subject of rabbits, the author states that official analysis and feeding experiments and dietetic experts have demonstrated beyond doubt that the meat of properly fed rabbits has a higher nutritive and digestive value than that of practically any other animal. The milk-fed rabbit, for instance, proves a proportionately large amount of "white meat" and should not be confused with the wild rabbit, as it is entirely different both in flavour and texture.

It is pointed out in the bulletin that a ready market for properly dressed, cleanly packed rabbit meat is to be found in the larger cities, at hospitals, clubs, hotels, or at leading poulterers at prices ranging from 25 to 30 cents per pound. Given proper care and management, there is no reason why rabbits as a side line, either on the farm or in the back yard, should not prove to be an appreciable source of revenue.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
July 29th, 1927.

Council met in special session on Friday afternoon, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Members present—Mayor Roy, Reeve Byers and Councillors Howitt, Simpson, Dunbar, Fitzpatrick, Jewell, Kimmerly.

A communication was read from the Fire Department, thanking the Council for the privilege of having the Midway on the Market. The firemen's share of the Midway amounted to $206.

On motion Mr. Chambers is to have the same status as any other fireman.

A letter re petition against the paving of the Market Square from the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board was read.

The petition against the paving of the Market Square lacked 850 of having the necessary amount of assessment to make an appeal to the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board.

The assessment of the property on the Market is $10,750.00 and the property owners petitioning against the work is $5350, whereas they required $5400 to obtain a hearing.

A By-law authorizing the construction of a pavement on Bridge street from East street, easterly to Dundas street, was finally passed. 4 nays, 4 nay.

A By-law authorizing the construction of a permanent pavement on the Market Square was read and finally passed. 8 yeas, no nays.

A By-law authorizing the construction of permanent pavement on Bridge street from Robert street, to east side of Belleville road, was read and finally passed. 8 yeas, 1 nay.

A By-law authorizing the construction of sanitary sewers on the Market Square was read and finally passed. 8 yeas, no nays.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Wallace's, Limited	$ 9 80
Wallace's, Limited	43 00
Robert Light	4 00
J. G. Fennell	250 00
Madole Hardware	320 61
Madole Hardware	187 25

Madole Hardware Co., Bridge street, $64.92. Referred to streets with power to act.

On motion the Assessor was authorized to return his 1926 roll with arrears to be charged against the properties.

On motion Messrs. James Proctor and Redfern were engaged as engineers for all paving, to be done this year at same rate as previous years, $4 per day.

The contracts for paving were let to the Standard Paving Co., at same prices as previous contracts.

A letter from the Deputy Provincial Secretary re Dorland B. Perry, asking the removal from the hospital to a House of Refuge.

The Depatment was informed that D. B. Perry belongs to North Fredericksburgh.

On motion Ed. Duncan was appointed weed inspector.

The motor vehicle in front of Mr. Howitt's property was ordered repaired.

Council adjourned.

STELLA.

The death occurred on Sunday morning, July 24th, at an early hour, of one of Amherst Island's old and respected life-long citizens in the person of Caleb Tuttwell, at his old home on the lake shore, at the ripe old age of 84 years. Mr. Tuttwell had resided on the farm where he died for over fifty years. He was of a very quiet disposition and had been in very good health up until a week before his death. Deceased was a very successful hunter, and innumerable wild geese, duck and foxes fell during the hunting season to the true aim of his gun.

ODESSA.

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. W. Babcock on Wednesday, July 20th, with the usual large attendance and delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

Miss Stella Graham, who has been spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Graham, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Herbert Burnett and daughter, Mrs. Roy Johnston, of Toronto, have returned from spending a few days past with the former's sister in Watertown.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. Alfred Babcock attended the Ettinger-Logan wedding in Kingston on Thursday, July 21. The bride, Miss Georgie Ettinger, is a former resident of Watts and a niece of Mrs. H. J. Smith's.

Mrs. S. Babcock and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Babcock motored to Murdock on a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Babcock.

The Misses Lulu and Mabel Fairfield, Bath, spent Monday with Mrs. Fred Scott and Mrs. Isaac Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell, Chicago were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lucas.

Percy Baker, Toronto, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sproule.

Mrs. Mathews, Rochester, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Graham.

Miss Maude Hubble, Plainfield, spent a few days the guest of Mrs. Robert Hamm.

Miss Gleason, Almonte, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Swift.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bell, Gilkawan, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and little daughter, Eleanor, of Toronto, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. George Watts.

HAIL TO THE CHAMPIONS

NAPANEE GIRLS NEW BAY OF QUINTE CHAMPIONS

For the first time in nineteen years Napanee has produced a championship team playing fast company with the neighboring cities. In 1908 a baseball team, playing in the league with Belleville and Trenton, were successful—since then we remember no team which was entered in a fast league successfully.

Never was there a more enthusiastic crowd than that which turned out in Riverside Park Tuesday night. And the game, well played at times, and loosely played oftener, was a real thriller. The Napanee girls knew that this one more victory would make them champions, and they were a little over nervous at first, but presently settled down and showed their real ability.

Belleville took an early lead. In the first inning Lee reached first on an error and was sacrificed to second by O'Neill. Cook walked, and Whitton, Belleville's heavy hitter, looked dangerous, but Dot Johnston kept the ball well inside, and her weak roller forced Lee at third. Gray caught through with a double to score Cook, but Miles went out at first.

The Belleville pitcher, Gray, throws a slow ball with a lot of spin to it, which has a tendency to pop up when hit. The first three batters, Wagar, were retired in this manner. Belleville went out in order the second, Lillian Wagar at second base having a three assists. Napanee again went down in a row.

The third inning saw the scoring really start. Lee singled, and reached second on O'Neill's sacrifice. Cook doubled, scoring Lee, and reached third on Whitton's single to right. Gray was passed. Cook scored and Gray reached third when Miles' roller got past the infield, and Cook went out at first, giving Belleville a lead of 3-0. Napanee, however, commenced to find their batting eyes, and were to the plate holding their bats high in the air, to beat the spinning sphere to the ground, and connect at once successfully. H. O'Neill's roller was fumbled and she reached first safely. Whitton popped out, but Johnston singled to left. Gin Marion Douglas' sacrifice O'Neill scored, and Margaret Douglas drove a two bagger to the left. Scoring Johnston. Stinson singled, scoring Meg Douglas, and stole second, putting herself in position to score on Bea. McGuire's hard hit single to right. Lil Wagar went out at first. Score—Napanee 3, Belleville 3.

Belleville had their best inning in the fourth. Two doubles, two singles and two walks gave them four scoring runs, and a lead of four, which they held as O'Neill's single was Napanee's only scoring effort. Belleville continued in the fifth. Napanee looked their worst at this point, committing three base errors, which, together with a walk and two hits, presented the visitors with four more counters. From that time on, however, the Lee were the better team in every department. With the score 12-4 against them, they went to bat determined to do or die, and they did. Marion Douglas led off with a single, but her sister forced her at second. Stinson and McGuire singled to left. Wagar came through with the longest hit of the game, a fine triple to deep centre. Stinson scored easily on Wagar's single, and Ruth came in while the Beaver's were fumbling. Hazel O'Neill's grounder, to Whitton, retired Hazel at second, and Johnston singled, but Marion Douglas ended it when she went out at first. Score 9-12 for Belleville.

Belleville went out in order in their half of the sixth, Melchior striking out and fine catches being made by O'Neill and McGuire, but Napanee kept going. Five clean hits and an error gave them another score, and the lead for the first time of the game! Belleville did not get a runner to the base in the seventh, but Meg Douglas, after a single and a sacrifice, scored on Wagar's single. Napanee had a bad inning in the eighth, three errors gave Belleville two runs to tie the score, and did not look so strong at the bat, going out in order. Belleville, however, were able to combine two hits with a walk and another error for two more in the ninth. Napanee in their last inning, Douglas went out at first, the Leafs began to hit again. They all picked on the weakest man on the Belleville infield, third base, and they all drove the ball in that direction. Stinson singled past third. Bea McGuire singled in the same place, Wagar's slow roller got away from Lee, and Stinson scored. Hazel O'Neill's third, and Johnston's double scored. Then Hazel O'Neill playing the best game of her career, drove out a double to score Johnston, and ended the game. It was a spectacular climax to a real thriller of a game.

Napanee really have some snappy players but they are very badly handicapped by lack of practice. With three in Desert-on, one in Gananoque, one in Adolphustown and the rest here, it is impossible to get them together except for games, and as a result their team play in the infield is particularly weak. However, several exhibition games will be played before they tackle the Kingston Treasures, who have again won the Kingston City League, on their next step toward the Provincial championship, and at these games the trick plays which they have planed can be attemped.

The last game showed that they have as good talent as there is anywhere, and hard work will make them better at every start.

In the outfield B. McGuire, Ivy Hopping, R. Dickson and Marion Douglas are as fine a lot of flychasers as will be seen on any team, and they are all batters. B. McGuire, we believe, is one of the best batters in the game. In the infield, with Margaret Douglas, Marion Embury, Violet Whitton, Hazel O'Neill and Lenora Fraser, they are not particularly weak, and will be getting stronger all the time. Mary Stinson is undoubtedly the best catcher to perform here yet. She has not yet made an error, having had no passed balls and no foul tips dropped. Her throwing to the bases is becoming very accurate, and her batting is very sure. Lillian Wagar, Dorothy Johnston and Margaret Douglas take their turns in the pitchers box, and any of them is capable of a winning effort at any time. Three distinctly different styles of delivery are well calculated to baffle an opposing team.

Further announcements of games arranged will be made later. In the meantime, let all of us unite to sing the praises of the Napanee Leafs, the Champions of the Bay of Quinte League.

The teams—

Belleville—Lee, ss; O'Neill, 3b; Cook lf; Warham cf; Gray, p; Miles rf; Whitton c; Kelleher 1b; Melchior 2b; Kelleher rf.

Napanee—Marion Douglas 2b; Margaret Douglas, 3b; Stinson, c; McGuire, cf; Wagar, 2b; Dickson lf; O'Neill 3b; Whitton ss; Johnson p.

Beavers..... 1 0 2 5 4 0 0 2 2—16
Napanee..... 1 0 0 4 0 5 4 1 0 3—17

Gray and Whalen; Johnston and Stinson.

CENTREVILLE.

The heavy rains of the past month have nearly ruined a lot of hay and has greatly retarded the farmers with their operations.

Thos. Shannon is building a large woodhouse for Donald Lochhead.

The township stone crusher removed last week from Bethel street to a place near Croydon on the Newburgh road to commence operations there for the remainder of the season.

The wild raspberry crop is a complete failure this year. They are generally a great crop in this district.

Barley harvesting has commenced here and is a splendid crop.

A number of our young men talk of going west on the excursions.

Peter Perry purchased a fine horse from Chas. Graham, Enterprise.

Miss Muriel Milligan has been engaged to teach school at Desmond for the coming year.

The hum of the threshers will be heard here in a few days.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

The recent rains have delayed finishing the hay harvest. Some have begun cutting fall wheat and there is barley to cut.

Raspberries are ripening rapidly, and the prospects are for an abundant crop.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Haycock, Jr., returned last week, after spending two years in England. Their many friends welcome them home.

Mrs. C. F. Allison entertained the ladies' Aid on Wednesday afternoon.

Two car loads from here journeyed to Woodlawn on Wednesday to attend service conducted by Rev. H. B. Neal, a former Adolphustown pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Clap (nee) family, of Picton, visited at C. F. Allen's on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roblin and Miss Annie Roblin, of Kingston, were recent guests of Mrs. R. Carr.

MOSCOW.

The continued wet weater is delaying the farmers with their haying operations. Hay is an excellent crop in this locality.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church is planning for a lawn social in the near future.

Mr. Claude Huffman, of Rochester, is spending a few days at his home here.

Mr. Clarence Watson, of Flint, Mich., is the guest of friends.

Mrs. W. C. Potter and small son of Colborne is spending some time wit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Mumby.

Mr. Harold Hoare, Kingston, Spent a recent week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Huffman.

Mr. Melbourne Brooks and Mr. Arthur Herrington are camping at Varty Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Armstrong are at F. A. Darling's.

Miss Ieelle Ellerbeck is spending a few days with her parents.

Mr. Roy Judge, Bessemer, is with his parents for a short holiday.

Elwood Fisher has been engaged by the Department of Highways to count the number of vehicles passing the Starr Corners below Harrowsmith for a period of two weeks.

Mr. Ralph Deline, Harrowsmith is at Albert Pearson's.

Mr. G. Wagar is at A. Pearson's

COMING :- EVENTS

LENNOX FAIR, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

PAVEMENT DANCE—Under the auspices of the Napanee Band, Tuesday evening, August 9th. A period of two hours dance will be held on the following evening. Tickets 25c. Three prizes for lucky numbers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

DAVID SPARES SAUL.

Sunday, Aug. 7.—I. Samuel 26.

Golden Text—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good (Rom. 12 : 21).

David did not believe in hurrying the Lord. Some people do. A little girl went out into the garden, and when she came back her mother asked her what she had been doing. "Helping God," was the reply. "What do you mean ?" asked the mother. "I mean ?" asked the little girl. "I saw some rosebuds that had not blossomed yet, and I blossomed them," said the little girl. It did not help the roses, and it did not help God.

It was three years now since Samuel, at the Lord's direction, had anointed David to be King had anointed David to be King over Israel. God told Samuel that he had rejected Saul (I. Sam. 16 : 1), and chosen David (I. Sam. 16 : 12 ; but Saul was still reigning, and David was not on the throne. Still worse, Saul had tried over and over again to take David's life. Three times he hurled a javelin at David (I. Sam. 18 : 11 ; 19 : 9, 10). Saul made further determined plans to murder the young man (19 : 11 ; 20 : 31 ; 23:19-23 ; 24 : 2 ; 26 : 2).

And now David began to have opportunities to take the King's opportunities to take the King's life. Could any one have blamed him had he done so ? God had rejected Saul as King, and had chosen and anointed David. Saul was doing everything in his power to thwart God's plans, get David out of the way by killing him, and retain the throne for himself and his family. Would not the spirit of self-defense and loyalty to God's plans justify David in killing Saul when the opportunity came ? Indeed, did not every reason fairly require this ?

That is the way many would have reasoned under the circumstances. And that is the way many would have set their will above God's will and thereby have become self-themselves. David, a defeated man after God's own heart, knew better. Several conclusive reasons lay his hand on Saul, though twice he had an extraordinary opportunity to do away with his enemy. He held loyalty to God and the King, in his words : "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord" I Sam. 24 : 6).

And again, as David forbade one of his friends who was eager to kill Saul, "Destroy him not ; for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless ?" Away back in those Old Testament days David saw clearly the New Testament principle that Paul uttered by inspiration a thousand years later: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers ; for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." (Rom. 13 : 1).

David did not propose to "help God" by hurrying matters. Rightly he knew that he must leave to God the time for the judgment of Saul. With inspired vision he said, "As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him ; or his day shall come that he die ; or he shall descend into battle and perish."

Saul had taken three thousand chosen men of Israel, and had gone out into the wilderness of Ziph to find and kill David. The young man knew his enemy was on the alert, and kept informed of what was happening by sending out spies. Saul and his captain and his thousands were asleep in the camp. Beside the sleeping King was a cruse of water, and his spear stuck in the ground, in those days more than ordinary sleep that held these men, for we read that "a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them."

What a test it was for David ! His close friend assured him that this was God's opportunity for him to act. "God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day ; now, therefore, let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time." How often we are urged by mistaken friends, or by Satan as an angel of light, to do something because God has providentially made the opportunity ! And all the time God is only testing us, and we shall sorely grieve Him if we took matters into our own hands.

It is a wonderful lesson in the God-given privilege and duty of waiting on the Lord. In these restless, active days how often we wait on the Lord, how often we rush ahead of Him with our plans, trying to reach the very goal that He has for us, but in a mistaken or sinful way.

David declined to be driven ahead of God's will. He took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul and, with his men, left the camp as the deep sleep continued there. Often David called aloud from a distance, awakening the King and his captain, and told them what had happened.

Saul broke down under this treatment "Is this thy voice, my son David ?" David peacefully with him and pleaded with him not to seek his life. He did it in humility too; "Now therefore, let not thy blood fall to the earth before the face of the Lord ; for the King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."

Saul's heart was touched and he confessed in humiliation : "I have sinned : return, my son David ; for I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day : behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."

Breaking It Gently.

Murphy had been careless in handling the blasting powder in the quarry, and Duffy had been deputed to break the news gently to the widow.

"Mrs. Murphy," said he, "isn't it to-day the fellow calls for the weekly pavment for Murphy's life assurance?"

"It is " answered Mrs. Murphy.

"Well, now, a word in your ear," said Duffy. "Shure ye can snap your fingers at the fellow to-day."

What is your biggest asset?

The young people have the right idea about the importance of keeping up one's friends. Their modern point of view is that your friends are your biggest asset.

Keeping them up becomes a very simple matter when you can so easily call them by Long Distance. The service was never so quick, and to Interurban towns (within a radius of say 25 miles) the rate is particularly low.

The finest kind of a habit is to have one day each week for calling up a friend or friends by Long Distance. The benefits are often quite startling.

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Here and There

Living births in Canada during 1926 totalled 232,205, the birth-rate for the nine provinces being 24.8 per thousand of population. Deaths at all ages numbered 107,318 in the Dominion, a rate of 11.4 per thousand. Excess of births over deaths in the year was 124,887. A total of 66,576 marriages were reported during the year.

The general cool weather for this season of the year in British Columbia and the amount of moisture about has saved a great deal of timber from destruction by fire. So far this year there have been only 42 forest fires in the province, as compared with 570 for the similar period of last year. The present condition of the woods are excellent.

As a sign of agricultural progress in the west and industrial prosperity here, the International Harvester Company, Limited, have just sent two of the largest trainloads of threshers ever shipped to the west over C.P.R. lines from the east, the first train consisting of 40 cars with 111 threshers and the other of 40 cars containing 103 threshers.

The ratepayers of Victoria have endorsed a by-law providing for civic support of a proposal for the establishment by British interests of a motion picture producing industry here, by a vote of 2,137 to 663. The city was thereby authorized to guarantee bonds of the concern to the extent of $200,000 after $500,000 had been raised by British motion picture distributors and exhibitors.

A thriving new industry in Southern Alberta, which is making progress and is full of promise, is that of the raising of polo ponies. Three ranches are engaged exclusively in this industry and ranchers and farmers are coming increasingly to engage in it as a side line. About five carloads or one hundred polo ponies leave Southern Alberta annually for the United States.

The Development Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in cooperation with Macdonald Agricultural College is conducting experiments on the farm of Donald Fraser at Plaster Rock, N.B., to ascertain whether gypsum, of which there are large deposits, has special value in connection with potato culture. Members of the staff of the college are supervising field tests on the farm.

The itinerary of the party of one hundred British newspaper men who will arrive at Quebec August 12, provides that during the month they are in Canada the Britishers will visit practically every corner of the Dominion and, besides visiting every city of importance, have an opportunity of studying at first hand Canada's resources and many investment possibilities. They will travel across Canada and back on Canadian Pacific lines.

Ottawa, Ont. — Canada's total wheat yield for the season 1927 is forecast at 325,075,000 bushels in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The estimate for the three Prairie Provinces is 305,052,000 bushels and for the rest of Canada 20,023,000. The total yield of oats is estimated at 389,758,000 bushels, of which 226,207,000 bushels is assigned to the Prairie Provinces. Barley is estimated at 88,830,000 bushels, of which the Prairie Provinces are expected to furnish 71,724,000 bushels. Rye is given at 12,169,600 bushels, of which 10,664,000 is allowed for the Prairie Provinces. For flaxseed, 8,319,300 bushels is estimated, of which all but 107,000 bushels is allowed for the Prairie Provinces.

According to the Canadian National Exhibition officials, a prize of $4,000 and the title of Champion Band of Canada will be received by the winning band of the 1927 Music Day Contest.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

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The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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CHAPTER I

At the stairfoot the landlord stopped me.

"Here, lad, take a candle. The stairs are dark, and, since I like your face, I would not have you break your neck."

"And give the house a bad name," I said.

"No fear of that; my house has a good name. There is, no fairer inn in all Paris. And your chamber is a good chamber, though you will have larger, doubtless, when you are Minister of Finance."

This raised another laugh among the tavern idlers, for I had been bragging a bit of my prospects. I retorted:

"When I am, Maitre Jacques, look out for a rise in your taxes."

The laugh was turned on mine host, and I retired with the honors of that encounter. And though the stairs were the steepest I had ever climbed I had the breath and the spirit to whistle all the way up. What mattered that already I acked in every bone, that the stair was long and my bed but a heap of straw in the garret of a mean inn in a poor quarter? I was in Paris, the city of my dreams!

I am a Broux of St. Quentin. The great world has never heard of the Broux? No matter; they have existed these hundreds of years. Masters of the Forest, and faithful servants of the Dukes of St. Quentin. The great world has heard of the St. Quentins? I warrant you! A loud cry it has for Sully and Villeroi, Tremouille and Biron. That is enough for the Broux.

I was brought up to worship the saints and M. le Duc, and I loved and revered them alike by faith, for M. le Duc at court seemed as far away from me as the saints in heaven. But the year after King Henry III. was murdered monsieur came to live on his estate, to make high and low love him for himself.

In that bloody time, when the King of Navarre and the two Leagues were tearing our poor France under M. le Duc found himself between the devil and the deep sea. He was no friend to the League; for years he had stood between the King, his master, and the machinations of the Guises. On the other hand he was no friend to the Huguenots. "I sent a pistolette on the throne of France were to deny God," he said. Therefore he came home to St. Quentin, where he abode in quiet for some three years, to the great wonderment of all the world.

Had he been a cautious man, a man who looked a little ahead, his compeers would have understood readily enough that he was waiting to see how the cat would jump, taking no part in the quarrel lest he should mix with the losing side. But this theory jibed so ill with monsieur's character that not even his worst detractor could accept it. For he was known to all as a hotspur—a man who acted quickly and seldom counted the cost. Therefore his present conduct was a riddle, nor could any of the emissaries from King or League, who came from time to time to enlist his aid and went away without it, read the answer. The puzzle was too deep for them. Yet it was easy of this: to monsieur honor was more than a pretty word. If he could not find his cause honest he would not draw his sword, though all the curs in the land called him coward.

Thus he stayed alone in the chateau for a long, irksome three years. Monsieur was not of a reflective mind, content to stand aside and watch while other men fought out great issues. It was a weary procession of days to him. His only son, a lad a few years older than I, shared none of his father's scruples and refused point-blank to follow him into exile. He remained in Paris, where they knew how to be gay in spite of sieges. Therefore I, the Forester's son, whose playmate for years I had been in Picardie, while in Normandie and Ile de France battles raged and towns fell and captains won glory.

At length, in the opening of the year 1593, M. le Duc began to have a frequent visitor, a gentleman in no wise remarkable save for that he was accorded long interviews with monsieur. After these visits my lord was always in great spirits, putting on frisky airs like a stallion when he is led out of the stable. I looked for something to happen, and it was no surprise to me when M. le Duc announced one day, quite without warning, that he was done with St. Quentin and would be here in Paris for the opening of Mass. I was in the seventh heaven of joy when he added that he should take me with him. I knew the King of Navarre was at Mantes—at last we were going to make history! There was no bound to my golden dreams, no limit to my future.

But my house of cards suffered a rude tumble, and by no hand but my father's. He came to monsieur and, premising on an old servitor's privileges, begged him to leave me at home.

"I have lost two sons in monsieur's service," he said; "Jean, hunting in this forest, and Louis, in the fray at Blois. I have never grudged them to monsieur. But Felix is all I have left."

Thus it came about that I was left behind, hidden in the hay-loft, when my duke rode away. I could not watch his going.

Through the days passed drearily yet they passed. Time does pass at length, even when one is young. It was July. The King of Navarre had moved up to St. Denis, in his siege of Paris, and most folk thought he would never win the city, the hotbed of the League. Of M. le Duc's every word till late in one night a chance traveler, putting up at the inn in the village, told a startling tale. The Duke of St. Quentin, though known to have been at Mantes and strongly suspected of espousing Navarre's cause, had ridden calmly into Paris and opened his hotel! It was madness—madness sheer and stark. Thus far his religion had saved him. Yet any day he might fall under the swords of the Leaguers.

My father came after hearing this tale to where I was lying on the grass the warm summer night, thinking hard thoughts of him for keeping me at home and spoiling my chances in life. He gave me straightway the whole of the story. Long before it was over I had sprung to my feet.

"Do you still wish to join M. le Duc?" he said.

"Father!" was all I could gasp.

"Then you shall go," he answered. That was not bad for an old man who had lost two sons for monsieur!

I set out in the morning, light of baggage, purse and heart. I am not naught of the journey, for I heeded only that at the end of it lay Paris. I reached the city one day at sundown and entered without a passport at the St. Denis gate, the wardens being hardly so strict as Mayenne supposed. I was dusty, footsore and hungry, in no guise to present myself before monsieur; wherefore I went no further that night than the inn of the Amour de Dieu, in the Rue des Coupejarrets.

Far below my garret window lay the street—a trench between the high houses. Scarce eight feet off loomed the dark wall of the house opposite. To me, fresh from the wide woods of St. Quentin, it seemed the dwellers in Paris folk to outhuddle in closeness the rabbits in a warren. So ingenious were they at contriving to waste an inch of open space that the houses, standing at the base but a scant street's width apart, even pushed further at each story till they looked to be fairly toppling together. I could see into the windows up and down the way; could see the people move about within; hear opposite neighbors call to each other. But across from my garret were no lights and no people, for that house was shuttered tight from attic to cellar, its dark front as expressionless as a blind face. I marveled how it came to stand empty in that teeming quarter.

Too tired, however, to wonder long, I blew out the candle and was asleep before I could shut my eyes.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

I sprang out of bed in a panic, thinking Henry of Navarre was bombarding Paris. Then, being fully roused, I perceived that the noise was thunder.

From the window I peered into floods of rain. The peals died away. Suddenly came a terrific lightning flash and I cried out in astonishment. All the shutter opposite was open, and I had a vivid vision of three men in the window.

Then all was dark again and the thunder shook the roof.

I stood straining my eyes into the night, waiting for the next flash. When it came it showed me the window barred as before. Flash followed flash; I winked the rain from my eyes and peered in vain. The shutter remained closed as if it had never been opened. Sleep rolled over me in a great wave as I groped my way back to bed.

CHAPTER II.

When I awoke in the morning the sun was shining broadly into the room, glinting in the little pools of water on the floor. I stared at them, sleepy-eyed, till recollection came to me of the thunderstorm and the open shutter and the three men. I jumped up and ran to the window. The shutters opposite were closed; the house just as I had seen it first save for the long streaks of wet down the wall. The street below was one vast puddle. At all events, the storm was no dream, as I had believed the vision to be.

I dressed speedily and went downstairs. The inn-room was deserted save for Maitre Jacques, who with heat demanded of me whether I took myself for a prince, that I lay in bed till all decent folks had been hours about their business and had supped breakfast. However, he brought me a meal, and I made no complaint that it was a floor one.

"You have strange neighbors in the house opposite," said I.

He started, and the thin wine he was setting before me splashed over on the table.

"What neighbors?"

"Why, they who close their shutters when other folks would keep them open, and open them when others keep them shut," I said airily. "Last night I saw three men in the window opposite mine."

He laughed.

"Aha, my lad, your head is not used to our Paris wines. That is how you come to see visions."

"Nonsense," I cried, nettled. "Your wine is too well watered for that, let me tell you, Maitre Jacques."

"Then you dreamed it," he said huffily. "The proof is that no one has lived in that house these twenty years."

Now, I had plenty to trouble about without troubling my head over nightbawks, but I was vexed with him for putting me off. So, with a fine conceit of my own shrewdness, I said:

"If it was only a dream how came you to spill the wine?"

He gave me a keen glance, and then with a look round to see that no one was by leaned across the table up to me.

"You are sharp as a gimlet," said he. "I see I may as well tell you at last. Marry, and you will have it, the place is haunted."

"Holy Virgin!" I cried, crossing myself.

"Aye. Twenty years ago, in the great massacre—you know naught of that; you were not born, I take it, but, besides, are a country boy. But I was here and I know. A man dared not stir out of doors that dark day. The gutters ran blood."

"And that house—what happened in that house?"

"Why, it was the house of a Huguenot gentleman, M. de Bethune," he answered, bringing out the name hesitatingly in a low voice. "They were all put to the sword—the whole house hold. It was Guise's work. The Duc de Guise sat on his white horse in this very street here while it was going on. Parbleu! that was a day."

"Mon dieu! yes."

"Well, that is an old story now," he resumed in a different tone. "Twenty-and-twenty years ago that was. Such things don't happen now. But the people they have not forgotten; they will not go near that house. No one will live there."

"And have others seen as well as I?"

"So they say. But I'll not let it be talked of on my premises. Folk might get to think them too near the haunted house. 'Tis another matter with you, though, since you have had the vision."

"There were three men," I said, "young men, in sombre dress"—

"M. de Bethune and his cousins. What further? Did you year shrieks?"

"There was naught further," I said, shuddering. "I saw them for the space of a lightning flash, plain as I see you. Next minute the shutters were closed again."

"'Tis a marvel," he answered gravely. "But I know what has disturbed them in their graves, the heretics! It is that they have lost their leader."

I stared at him blankly, and he added:

"Their Henry of Navarre."

"But he is not lost. There has been no battle."

"Lost to them," said Maitre Jacques, "when he turns Catholic."

"Oh!" I said.

"Oh!" he mocked. "You come from the country; you don't know these things."

"But the King of Navarre is too stiff-necked a heretic!"

"Bah! Time bends the stiffest neck. Tell me this: for what do the learned doctors sit in council at Mantes?"

"Oh," said I, bewildered, "you tell me news, Maitre Jacques."

"If Henry of Navarre be not a Catholic before the month is out spit me on my own jack," he answered, eyeing me rather keenly. "I am willing it should be welcome news to you."

"I am glad to hear of any heretic coming to the faith," I said.

"Pshaw!" he cried. "To the devil with pretenses! 'Tis an open secret that your patron has gone over to Navarre."

"I know naught of it."

"Well, pardieu! my Lord Mayenne does then. If when he came to Paris M. de St. Quentin counted that the League would not know his parleyings he was a fool."

"His parleyings?" I echoed feebly.

"Aye, the boy in the street knows he has been with Navarre. For, mark you, all France has been wondering where the month is where St. Quentin was coming out. His movements do not go unnoted like a yokel's But, i' faith, he is not dull; he understands that well enough. Nay, 'tis my belief he came into the city in pure effrontery to show them how much he dared. He is a bold blade, your duke. And, mon dieu! it had its effect. For the Leaguers have been so agape with astonishment ever since that they have not raised a finger against him."

"Yet you do not think him safe?"

"Safe, say you? Safe! Pardieu! If you walked into a cage of lions and they did not in the first instant eat you would you therefore feel safe? He was stark mad to come to Paris. There is no man the League hates more, now they know they have lost him, and he and they can afford as ill to spare to King Henry. A great Catholic noble, he would be meat and drink to the Bearnais. He was mad to come here."

"And yet nothing has happened to him."

"Verily, fortune favors the brave. No, nothing has happened—yet. But I tell you true, Felix, I had rather be the poor innkeeper of the Amour de Dieu than stand in M. de St. Quentin's shoes."

"I was talking with the men here last night," I said. "There was not one but had a good word for monsieur."

"Aye, so they have. They like his pluck. And if the League kills him it is quite on the cards that the people will rise up and make the town lively. But I see I am in vain. The shutter remained closed as if it had never been opened. Sleep rolled over me in a great wave as I groped my way back to bed.

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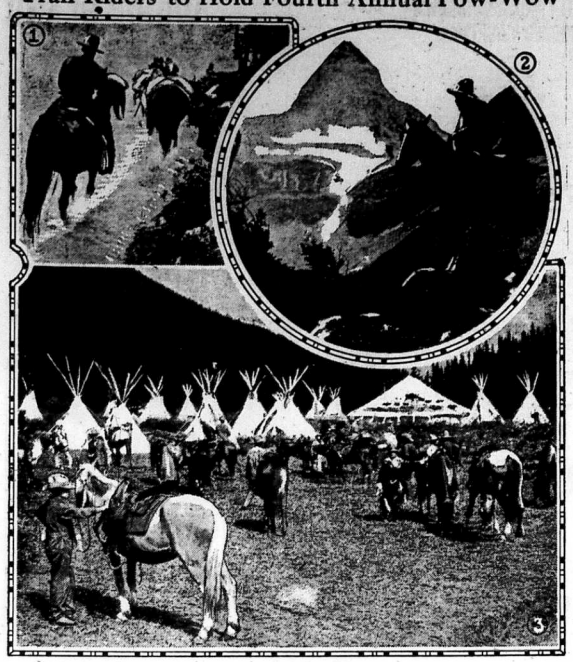
Trail-Riders to Hold Fourth Annual Pow-Wow



1. Riding through the water at the sandy edge of a lake is a cool relief for the horses. 2. Mount Assiniboine, the objective of the Trail Ride. 3. Scene of a Trail Ride Pow-wow in Yoho Valley.

"TRAIL RIDERS." The very sound of the words brings the tang of woodland fire smoke, the crackling of burning twigs, the musical running and tumbling of streams slipping hurriedly down the mountain side to offer an early morning drink to thirsty campers. Is there anyone in the world sufficiently prosaic not to be attracted by the fascination of that word "trail?" It suggests mysteries, an elusive something lying always round the next bend of the road, beyond the next mountain peak.

One part of Canada in particular is threaded with the world's most fascinating trails, to be followed through the world's most lovely scenery, day after day, each to its ultimate termination. That is the arena indigenous to Banff and Lake Louise, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies — a veritable land of Heart's Desire for the man or woman with the love of Nature and the explorer's hot blood in their veins, where every trail leads to beauty, peace and radiant health.

Off the beaten track of the luxury loving rocking chair tourist, directly south of Banff is Mount Assiniboine, the objective of this year's trail ride. This majestic mountain towers many thousands of feet above the snow-fields, and is clearly reflected in the surfaces of the lakes that lie at its base. No white man reached the base of this noble pyramid until 1893, when R. L. Barrett, an American mountain climber, and Tom Wilson, of Banff, made their way to its foot by way of Simpson Pass, the route which the Trail Riders will take on their return trip this summer.

The fourth annual trail ride will leave Banff on Monday, August 4. The Commissioner of Parks has had cleared an old trail which leads through the wild canyon of Brewster Creek. The first night's camp will be by the head of this creek, and in the morning the riders will cross Assiniboine Pass to the Camp by the shore of Lake Magog, which holds in its turquoise depths the reflection of this great, stony, snow-crowned giant. The third day will be spent with the camp a base, allowing the Trail Riders to explore the surrounding lakes and foothills, or to do some climbing. The fourth day they will ride by way of the Valley of the Rocks, Golden Valley, Citadel Pass, Alpine Lakes and Meadows on the Great Divide to Sunshine camp. The Grand Pow-Wow will be held on Simpson Pass on the fifth day, and the party will ride home the following day by way of Healy Creek.

This year's ride is the most ambitious of any undertaken by the Trail Riders since the inception of the organization and, from all indications, it will be one of the most successful. And no matter what wonderful pictures the imagination of the riders may conjure up, the beauties of the trip are sure to be lovelier.

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 2).

way to the Hotel St. Quentin, which stood, I knew, in the Quartier Marais, where all the grand folk lived. Once I had found the broad Rue St. Denis all I need do was to follow it over the hill down to the river bank; my eyes were free, therefore, to stare at all the strange sights of the great city—cathedrals and shops and churches and prisons. But most of all did I gape at the crowds in the streets. I had scarce realized there were so many people in the world as passed me that summer morning in the town of Paris. Bewilderly busy and gay the place appeared to my country eyes, though in truth at that time Paris was at its very worst, the spirit being well nigh crushed out of it by the slegon and the iron rule of the Sixteen.

I knew little enough of politics, and yet I was not so dull as not to see that great events must happen soon. A crisis had come. I looked at the people I passed who were going about their business so tranquilly. Every one of them must be either Mayenne's man or Navarre's. Before a week was out these peaceable citizens might be using silver for tools and exchanging bullets for good mornings. Whatever happened, here was I in Paris in the thick of it! My feet fairly danced under me. I could not reach the hotel soon enough. Half was I glad of monsieur's danger, for it gave me chance to show what stuff I was made of. Live for him, die for him—whatever fate could offer I was ready for.

The hotel, when at length I arrived before it, was no disappointment. Here one did not wait till midday to see the sun; the street was of decent width and the houses held themselves back with reserve, like the proud gentlemen who inhabited them. Nor did one here regret his possession of a nose, as he was forced to do in the Rue Coupejarrets.

Of all the mansions in the place the Hotel St. Quentin was, in my opinion, the most imposing—carved and ornamented and stately, with gardens at the side. But there was about it none of that stir and liveliness one expects to see about the houses of the great. No visitors passed in or out and the big iron gates were shut, as if none were looked for. Of a truth the persons who visited monsieur these days preferred to slip in by the postern after nightfall, as if there had never been a time when they were proud to be seen in his hall.

Beyond the grilles a sentry in the green and scarlet of monsieur's meat-arms stood on guard, and I called out to him boldly.

He turned at once, then looked as if the sight of me scarce repaid him.

"I wish to enter, if you please," I said. "I am come to see M. le Duc."

"You?" he ejaculated, his eye wandering over my attire, which, none of the newest, showed signs of my journey.

"Yes, I," I answered in some resentment. "I am one of his men.

He looked me up and down with a grin.

"Oh, one of his men! Well, my man, you must know M. le Duc is not receiving to-day."

"I am Felix Broux," I told him.

"You may be Felix anybody for all it avails; you cannot see monsieur."

"Then I will see Vigo." Vigo was monsieur's Master of Horse, the stanchest man in France. This sentry was nobody, just a common fellow picked up since monsieur left St. Quentin, but Vigo had been at his side these twenty years.

"Vigo, say you! Vigo does not see street boys."

"I am no street boy," I cried angrily. "I know Vigo well. You shall smart for flouting me when I have monsieur's ear."

"Aye, when you have! Be off with you, rascal. I have no time to bother with you."

"Imbecile!" I sputtered. But he had turned his back on me and resumed his pacing up and down the court.

"Oh, very well for you, monsieur," I cried out loudly, hoping he could hear me. "But you will laugh t'other side of your mouth by and by. I'll pay you off."

It was maddening to be baited like this at the door of my goal; it made a fool of me. But while I debated whether to set up an outcry that would bring forward some other and more sense than the surly sentry, or whether to seek some other entrance, I became aware of a sudden stir within the courtyard, a narrow slice of which I could see through the gateway. A page dashed across; then a pair of flunkeys passed. There was much noise of voices, and finally of hoofs and wheels. Half a dozen men-at-arms ran to the gates and swung them open, taking their stand on each side. Clearly M. le Duc was about to drive out.

A little knot of people had quickly collected—springing from between the stones of the pavement it would seem —to see monsieur emerge.

"He is a bold man," I heard one say, and a woman answer, "Aye, and a handsome," ere the heavy coach, rolled out of the arch.

I pushed myself in close to the guardsmen, my heart thumping in my throat now that the moment had come when I should see my monsieur. At the sight of his face I sprang bodily up on the coach step, crying, all my soul in my voice, "Oh, monsieur! M. le Duc!"

Monsieur looked at me coldly, blankly, without a hint of recognition. The next instant the young gentleman beside him sprang up and struck me a blow that hurled me off the step. I fell where the ponderous wheels would have ended me had not a guardsman, quick and kind, pulled me out of the way. Some one shouted, "Assassin!"

"I am no assassin," I cried; "I only sought to speak with monsieur."

"He deserves a hiding, the young cur," growled my foe, the sentry. "He's been pestering me this half hour to let him in. He was one of monsieur's men, he said. Monsieur will be rid of him. Well, we have seen how monsieur treats him!"

"Faith, no," said another. "We have only seen how our young gentleman treats him. Of course he is too proud and dainty to let a common man so much as look at him."

They all laughed; the young gentleman seemed no favorite.

"Parbleu! that was why I drew him from the wheels, because he knocked him there," said my preserver. "I don't believe there's harm in the boy. What meant you, lad?"

"I meant no harm," I said, and turned sullenly off up the street. This, then, was what I had come to Paris for—to be denied entrance to the house, thrown under the coach wheels and threatened with a drubbing from the lackeys!

For these years my only thought had been to serve monsieur. From waking in the morning to sleep at night my whole life was monsieur's. Never was duty more cheerfully paid. Never did acolyte more throw his soul into his service than I into mine. Never did lover hate to be parted from his mistress more than I from monsieur. The journey to Paris had been a journey to Paradise. And now, this!

They were fighting each other—Yeur-gris and Gervais.

Monsieur had looked me in the face and not smiled; had heard me beseech him and not answered—not lifted a finger to save me from being mangled, under his very eyes. St. Quentin and Paris were two very different places, it appeared. At St. Quentin monsieur had been pleased to take me into the chateau and treat me for more intimacy than he accorded to the high-born lads, his other pages. So much the easier, then, to cast me off when he had tired of me. My heart seethed with rage and bitterness against monsieur, against the sentry and, more than all, against the young Comte de Mar, who had flung me under the wheels.

I had never before seen the Comte de Mar, that spoiled only son of M. le Duc's, who was too fine for the country, too gay to share his father's exile. Maybe I was jealous of the favors his father bore him, which he so little repaid. I had never thought to like him, St. Quentin though he were; and now that I saw him I hated him. His handsome face looked ugly enough to me as he struck me that blow.

I went along the Paris streets blindly, the din of my own thoughts louder than all the noises of the city. But I could not remain in this trance forever, and at length I woke to two unpleasant facts—first, I had no idea where I was, and, second, I should be no better off if I knew.

Never while there remained in me the spirit of a man would I go back to monsieur; never would I serve the Comte de Mar. And it was equally obvious that never so long as my father retained the spirit that was his could I return to St. Quentin with the account of my morning's achievements. It was just here that looking at the business with my father's eyes, I began to have a suspicion that I had behaved like an insolent young fool. But I was still too angry to acknowledge it.

Remained then but one course—to stay in Paris and keep from starvation as best I might.

My thrifty father had not seen fit to furnish me any money to threw away in the follies of the town. He had calculated closely what I should need to take me to monsieur, with a little margin for accidents; so that after paying Maître Jacques I had hardly two pieces to rule together.

For three years I had browsed my fill in the duke's library; I could write a decent letter both in my own tongue and in Italian, thanks to Father Francesco, monsieur's Florentine confessor, and handle a sword none so badly, thanks to monsieur; and I felt that it should not be hard to pick up a livelihood. But how to start about it I had no notion, and finally I made up my mind to go and consult him whom I now called my one friend in Paris, Jacques the innkeeper.

'Twas easier said than done. I had strayed out of the friendly Rue St. Denis into a network of dark and narrow ways that might have been laid out by a wily old stag with the dogs hot on him, so did they twist and turn and double on themselves. I could make my way only at a snail's pace, asking new guidance at every corner. Noon was long past when at length I came on, haggard around the corner by the Amour de Dieu.

Yet was it not fatigue that weighted my feet, but pride. Though I had resolved to seek out Maître Jacques, still 'twas a hateful thing to enter as supliant where I had been the patron. I had paid for my breakfast like a lord, but I should have to beg for my dinner. I had bragged of monsieur's fondness, and I should have to tell how I had been flung under the coach wheels. My pace slackened to a stop. I could not bring myself to enter the door. I tried to think how to better my story, so to tell it that it should redound to my credit. But my invention stuck in my pen.

As I stood striving to summon up a jaunty demeanor I found myself gazing straight at the shuttered house, and of a sudden my thoughts shifted back to my vision.

Those murdered Huguenots, dead and gone ere I was born, had appeared to me as plain as the men I passed in the street. Though I had beheld them but the space of a lightning flash I could call up their faces like those of my comrades. One, the nearest me, was small, pale, with pinched, sharp face, somewhat ratlike. The second man was conspicuously big and burly, black-haired and bearded. The third and youngest—all three were young—stood with his hand on Blackbeard's shoulder. He too was tall but slenderly built, with clear-cut visage and fair hair gleaming in the glare. One moment I saw them, every feature plain; the next they had vanished like a dream.

It was an unholy thing, no doubt, yet it held me with a shuddery fascination. Was it indeed a portent that this string of heretics from their unblessed graves? And why had it been shown to me, true son of the Church? And any one else ever seen what I had seen? Maître Jacques had hinted at further terrors and said no one dared enter the place. Well, grant me but the opportunity and I would dare.

Thus was hatched in my brain the notion of forcing an entrance into that haunted house. I was an idle boy, footloose and free to do whatever mad mischief presented itself. Here was the house; fair across the way.

Neglected as it was, it remained the most mysterious edifice in the row, for shutters were and fastened and locked out by a wily old stag with the dogs hot on him, so did they twist and turn and double on themselves. I could make my way only at a snail's pace, asking new guidance at every corner. Noon was long past when at length I came on, haggard around the corner by the Amour de Dieu.

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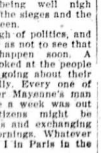
GET IT AT WALLACE'S

New Prices



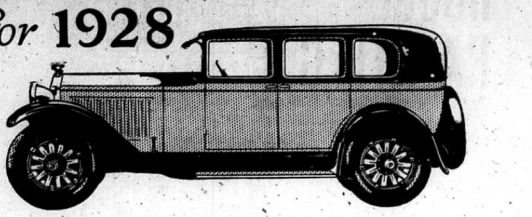
3½ Ounce Jars	15c
8½ Ounce Jars	30c
16 Ounce Jars	55c
32 Ounce Jars	$1.00

Thousand Island Dressing
Sandwich Spread
Olive Relish

20c., 35c. Sizes.

Webster's Grocery

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK *for* 1928



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Luxury

Color

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Dashing new Bodies, by Fisher . . . swung smartly low without any loss of head-room or road-clearance and without resort to smaller wheels . . . fleet, slender radiator lines . . . style and beauty equalled only by the finest custom creations.

Power to pass on any hill . . . power to conquer the roughest going . . . power to maintain high speeds hour after hour . . . resulting from brilliant advancements in McLaughlin-Buick's famous valve-in-head six-cylinder engine . . . vibrationless beyond belief.

Getaway like an arrow from a bow . . . an exhilarating rush of power when the signal changes . . . unmatched flexibility in traffic . . . and the effortless speed of flying birds—when you're out on the open road.

Form-fitting tailored seat cushions as restful as an easy chair . . . hydraulic shock absorbers front and rear, providing pillowed riding ease over any road . . . and interiors resembling exquisite drawing rooms in luxury of fittings and appointments.

Colors unrivalled by the rainbow . . . exteriors finished in rich new Duco combinations . . . Harmonized interiors—the new vogue in closed car decoration . . . Walls, ceilings, seat-coverings and carpets all blending into one perfect ensemble.

Heads turn in admiring tribute whenever a McLaughlin-Buick for 1928 flashes by . . . for it is richly endowed with that rare quality . . . that elusive touch of personality . . . that indefinable characteristic called "smartness".

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ROBERT McFARLAND
Dealer - Napanee

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Pa's Son-in-Law

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I had never before seen the Comte de Mar, that spoiled only son of M. le Duc's, who was too fine for the country, too gay to share his father's exile. Maybe I was jealous of the favors his father bore him, which he so little repaid. I had never thought to like him, St. Quentin though he were; and now that I saw him I hated him. His handsome face looked ugly enough to me as he struck me that blow.

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(Continued on page 5).

As in former years reduced railway rates will be effective during the 1927 Canadian National Exhibition.

Children's parades, dancing contests will feature the 1927 Young Canada's Day Programme of the Canadian National Exhibition.

HOUSE PAINTING

This is the season for painting your buildings, and thereby improving their appearance and protecting them from decay.

We carry the best in

White Lead and Boiled Oils

—also—

Martin Senour's 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes.

Automobile Enamels. Glass and Putty.

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Authorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crosslely Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries ; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

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Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges ; also the Beach Electric Range.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

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Hair Cut 35c.

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Prompt attention to night or day calls.

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

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Napanee, - Ontario

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MALLEABLES, CHROME STEEL AND BRONZE CASKETS
HOUSE PHONE 105 OFFICE PHONE 105

Portland Cement.

Also lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Steacy's.

Every week we are getting fresh shipments of cake and pastry from the best firms in Toronto and Ottawa. They are Bodley's and Bake-Rite, Toronto, and Walker's, Ottawa. Thus we are able to give you a wonderful assortment of layer-cake, sponge cake, jelly rolls, marshmallow rolls, all kinds of tarts, raisin and date square, and fruit cake. The wagons are carrying these all the time in specially constructed boxes, which keep them fresh and moist. Ask to see them when you get your bread.

STEACY'S

Furniture for Prince of Wales.

The Steamer, City of Kingston, of the Canada Steamship Lines, was in Kingston on Wednesday morning and on leaving for Montreal at noon, in addition to her regular cargo of package freight, carried a large amount of furniture manufactured by The Gibbard Furniture Company, of Napanee, which will be placed on board the steamer St. Lawrence for the use of the Prince of Wales during his suite during their trip from Quebec to Montreal. No effort is being spared by the Canada Steamship Lines in order to ensure the comfort of the Prince, and the Steamer St. Lawrence is being specially outfitted for the occasion.

Grosklog—Plotz.

Emanue Evangelical Church, Raglan Township, Scotch Line, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Annie Irene, third eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grosklog, was united in marriage with David Plotz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Plotz., Denbigh, Ont., at 3 p.m., Tuesday, July 19th, Rev. W. B. Denyes, B.A., of Roseneath, officiated. The bride was gifted in a very becoming gown of Robin blue crepe, and wore a grey squirrel fur. Her hat was a small French model in blue. She was attended by Miss Ella Schutt, who also was attired in blue. The groom was supported by his brother, Gordon. After the ceremony guests numbering about one hundred enjoyed a sumptuous repast served at the bride's home. Guests present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Plotz, Denbigh, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Abraham, Fort William, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Chisholm, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Grosklog, Victoria, B.C. ; Mrs. W. Chalson, Renfrew, Ont. ; Mrs. W. A. Lemsley, Pembroke, Ont. Many beautiful gifts were received by the bridal pair.

Deer-Hunting Season Extends.

Copies of the fish and game laws now issued in book form by the Provincial Government, give the open season for shooting deer in the greater portion of the province as from November 1 to November 30, both days inclusive, and a considerable difference of opinion exists among hunters and sportsmen as to the wisdom of this alteration in the regulations. Many hunters who regularly visit the northern parts of the County each year for a week or two of deer shooting feel that in former years, when the open season only extended for a period of ten or fourteen days, this comparatively is short season was quite long enough and that an open season during the whole month of November will result in a serious and unnecessary depletion of deer. Others who are interested in this matter welcome the extended open season for the main reason that it will attract a large number of tourists to the county, and they also argue that deer are very plentiful in the north country and that a month's shooting will not have any appreciable effect on their number.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by Rev. J. O. Totton.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Brown—Gilmour.

At Trinity United Church, Napanee, on Wednesday, July 27th, 1927, at 1 p.m., the Rev. R. J. Merriam officiating, Myrtle Gilmour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmour, of Tamworth, was united in marriage to Harold Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown, of Centreville, Ont. The bride looked charming in a gown of rosewood crepe romaine, over figured silk, with hat to match. The young couple were unattended. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony. The happy couple left on a trip to Toronto, Port Colborne and Western Ontario. On their return they will reside on their farm near Centreville.

European Partridge Released Near Picton.

Belleville, July 29.—Irvine Lyons, game inspector for this district, received from E. McDonald, deputy minister of game and fisheries for Ontario, 20 brace of European partridge, commonly known as Hungarian partridge. They were liberated about six miles east of Picton yesterday afternoon. This is the first of this species ever to be released in Ontario. The birds are the size of a full grown pigeon, and being fleet of wing make excellent hunting. They re a wood bird and at the present time are in close season and will remain so by the discretion of the lieutenant-governor.

Softball.

The Softbal game scheduled for last Thursday was postponed on account of rain and wet grounds. Games will be played here Tuesday and Thursday, August 2nd and 4th. Either of these games will give Napanee Leafs the Championship of the Bay of Quinte League. They would have to lose three straight to lost it, so that one of these games will be the deciding game. Needless to say, the girls are preparing to give their best. Three pitchers will be now ready, Dot Johnston, Marg Douglas and Lil. Wagar. Stinson and Hopping are both ready for redelivery. Let the fans gather round the girls and help them along to victory.

Marlbank's Oldest Inhabitant.

Still working and playing at the age of 107, James DeShane, the oldest inhabitant of Marlbank, Ont., by far, has also a good claim to being the oldest living individual of French-Canadian parentage. Mr. DeShane was born at Trenton, Ont., but has lived in the Marlbank district beyond the memory of the fathers of any of the other inhabitants. All his life he has been engaged in farm work and now he lives at the farm of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Bulley and insists on taking his daily share in the work on the place.

"Pollyanna," The Glad Play.

A comedy in four acts, with orchestra. Grace United Church, Thursday, August 11th, 8 p.m. Admission 35c. ; Children, 25c. Following is the Cast :

ACT I.—Home of the Ladies Aid—Lois Stalker.
Miss Carroll, of the Ladies Aid—Hazel O'Neil.
Mrs. Gregg, of the Ladies Aid—Clare Thompson.
Pollyanna Whittier ,the Glad Girl—Alma Wales.
Miss Polly Harrington, her aunt—Marion Wales.
Nancy, Miss Polly's servant—Grace Hall.
Sodom and Gommorah—By themselves.
Jimmy Bean, an orphan—Ward Huffman.
John Pendleton, a bachelor, called the hermit—H. Garrett.
Bleecker, Pendleton's man—A. Rogers.
Dr. Chilton, Pendleton's friend —F. B. Russell.
ACT II.—Miss Polly Harrington's parlor, a summer afternoon.
ACT II.—John Pendleton's library, some weeks later.
ACT III.—The library, an hour later than Act II.
ACT IV.—The library five years later than Act III.
By special arrangement with Samuel French of New York.

Bug Death !

Arsenate of Lead, Arsenate of Lime, death to the bug, food for the vine.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School, 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church : Sunday School, 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church : Union service 10 a.m.

Mr. Peter Huycke speaker for the day.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.

10.30—Morning prayer.

7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

Beth's Hero

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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Beth looked curiously about the hall. Behind the scenes had always been a domain of fairyland to her. The thought that she was to witness a rehearsal, and a dress rehearsal at that, overpowered her.

It was not at all as she had pictured it. The long, low ceilinged hall was very unlike the stage, and the mass of properties and scenery thrown about in apparent chaos bewildered her. A huge bowsider lay against an Italian fountain, and flower beds, stacked one above the other, looked very unlike the flower beds she knew.

Over in one corner a group of men were pulling and hauling at a girl dressed as an Indian. In the center of the hall half a dozen men were struggling through some unfamiliar music, and not far away a heavily built man was deliberately slitting a new leather coat into shreds and rubbing it on the dirty floor to take off its aspect of newness.

Other girls were going through dancing steps at the behest of a stocky little man, who beat time with a thick pole he carried when he was not using the stick to threaten some unruly girl. And over all presided a thin, nervous looking man, who seemed to have the faculty of being in three places at once.

Tom Seaton detached himself from the group about a cage in one corner and came toward her. "It doesn't seem much when you see it close to, does it?" he laughed.

"It is a little disappointing," she admitted, "but I find it very interesting."

"They are going to dress soon," he said carelessly, "and then run through the pantomime. It's a pity that they cannot get the hall upstairs, where they can get the scenery up. There's a wedding or something going on up there."

"It was awfully good of you to bring me," she said impulsively.

"It's good for you to come," he laughed. "A glimpse of a dress rehearsal is

TOM HEADED THE BRUTE INTO HIS CAGE JUST AS HERMES RUSHED IN.

the best cure for the stage fever that I know of. It was lucky that Hermes was in a good humor last night when I asked him if I might bring you over."

"Is that Hermes?" she asked, pointing to a tall, handsome fellow who posed in one corner.

"That's the man who made the costumes," he laughed. "Hermes is that little fellow who is all over the place. He and St. Elmo, the ballet master—by virtue of a talisman, took the place of the infuriated beast.

The others crowded about the cage to see the trick worked, and Tom dragged Beth over, with a whispered, "You mustn't tell the trick to any one."

She nodded assent with a delightful feeling of mystery and watched with interest the elaborate working of a trick that seemed simple enough from the audience.

Half a dozen times the trick was tried before Hermes straightened up with an "All right! Dress for the next act," and the crowd of fantastically dressed players rushed off to the anteroom.

Tom led Beth back to the tiny platform that formed her seat of vantage.

"Disillusioned?" he said, with a smile.

"Entirely so," she shudder-d. "Of course I knew it was all play, but I never dreamed it was such hard work."

"You should see how the men of the early Renaissance," he began, but Beth was one afternoon when St. Elmo got so excited at the way one of the stupid girls behaved that I had to jump in and catch his arm to keep him from striking her. He's a genius, but his temper is something awful. It's no worse, though, than with some of the big companies."

"I don't think I shall want any of it," she shuddered. "It has cured me completely of my desire to go on the stage."

"Do you think you could settle down to being just Mrs. Tom Seaton?" he pleaded, moving nearer to her.

"Don't, please!" she begged. "You know how I feel."

He turned away. He knew all too well how she felt. That same conclusion had forced her to the stage and set against him. He was just Tom Seaton, big, good natured and a faithful friend, but entirely too unromantic to appeal to her heart. He had mistrusted the glamour of the stage for her by bringing her to rehearsal. Only a miracle could work the other change.

He had slipped his coat off when he had come in, following the example of the men, and now turned to a chair for solace. He was carefully selecting one from his case when a cry from Beth caused him to turn.

There just below the platform stood King, the lion used in the trick. In the excitement some one had neglected to fasten the door of the cage, and while they had been talking he had slipped out and started on a tour of investigation.

All of the players had gone to change their costumes, and the property man had taken advantage of Hermes' absence to slip out to the corner for a glass of beer. They were alone. Just below him on the edge of the platform were a couple of revolvers loaded with blank charges. With a bound he caught one of these up and discharged it into King's face. With an angry snarl the [illegible] turned and charged toward the other end of the room.

Tom caught up the other revolver and slipped it into his pocket. Then he seized St. Elmo's wand and followed the retreating form. Back and forth they went, up and down the hall, until at last with a quick turn Tom headed the brute into his cage just as Hermes rushed in.

It was he who latched the door of the cage, for now that the danger was over Beth was clinging to Tom, murmuring praises that sounded sweet to his ears.

Hermes came forward, but Tom, disengaging himself from Beth's clasp, went toward him and whispered in his ear. Hermes smiled knowingly and darted out. Presently he was back again.

"There is a carriage at the door," he said. "I am sorry that Miss Albright should have had so unpleasant an experience while my guest."

"All's well that ends well," laughed Tom. "Good night, Hermes, and many thanks for your courtesy. I'll see you tomorrow."

As the carriage Beth clung to Tom as though the danger were not yet over. "And to think," she sobbed penitently, "that I did not realize what a brave man you were! I do love you, Tom, but somehow"—

"I know," he said gently as she faltered. "You wanted a hero, and I was so dreadfully commonplace."

"You're not!" she cried indignantly. "Only I—well, I never realized before how big and brave you were."

"All's well that ends well," he chuckled. "Tomorrow morning you will be wearing the biggest solitaire that an engraver ever saw—and I'll don't deserve it," she said meekly. "You're awfully good, Tom."

Some hours later Seaton sat in his little den absorbing a brandy and soda in absolute comfort. He looked up at Beth's picture on the mantel.

"I guess you've had a lot of ideals smashed tonight, little girl," he mused, "but it was good for you, and if any one ever tells you that that poor old brute was a darned sight more scared then you ever could be I'll knock his blamed head off."

Tord the Stork.

Pater—Well, my boy, so you have interviewed your girl's father, eh? Did you make the old codger toe the mark?

Son—Yes, dad. I was the mark.—Boston Transcript.

A small "Want Ad." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

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TRINITY AND ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCHES

United services for Aug. 7th, will be held in St. Andrew's Church both morning and evening and will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Jull.

vironment. He looked vastly different as he flew about the place in an old pair of trousers and a tattered flannel shirt.

Even when the players who had slipped out of the room began to come back in gaudy costumes, the illusion was not restored, for the nervous little ballet master kept jumping into the space outlined by chairs to represent the stage and, roughly throwing some one aside, took her place to show what he wanted done.

Not until they came to the trick to which the pantomime worked up did Beth regain her interest. The beautiful white girl was supposed to be thrown into a lion's den, but an Indian maiden, by virtue of a talisman, took the place of the infuriated beast.

The others crowded about the cage to see the trick worked, and Tom dragged Beth over, with a whispered, "You mustn't tell the trick to any one."

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Drama of the River.

One of the characteristics of dogs is their love of a scrap, but it is seldom one gets mixed up in a fight with a fish.

At Enfield, England, recently a terrier plunged into the river after a rat. The rat dived and the owner of the dog whistled to his animal to return. As it was swimming back it suddenly gave a terrific howl, and although it beat the water furiously with its front paws it made little or no progress towards the bank.

Its owner reached out his walking-stick, which the dog grasped with his mouth. As the man drew it out of the water it was seen that a huge pike had attacked the dog, one of them having gripped its left hind leg in its jaws.

Obliged to release the stick, the dog fell back into the water and continued the fight with the two fish that were trying to drag it beneath the surface. After a quarter of an hour the pike were driven off with a pole and the dog rescued in an exhausted state.

Penalty of Politeness.

The "tradesman" has his troubles as well as his next door neighbor, the "business man." One day last week a wholesale fish dealer in Fulton market was approached by a fashionably dressed woman, who, after asking the price, decided to buy a pound of smelts. Although it was not customary to cater to retail trade, to be congenial he decided to oblige her.

"I would like to have them cleaned, if you please," she said.

The fishman cleaned them.

"Oh, yes," the woman considerately remarked after looking them over, "will you kindly take all the bones out?"

"Certainly," said the man.' But he said things to himself as he went behind the icebox and extracted the bones.

After fifteen minutes' labor he wrapped the smelts in a neat parcel, which he handed the woman.

"I am much obliged to you," she said. "You see, my cat absolutely refuses to eat fish if they are bony."

As the fashionably gowned woman walked out the fishman said some more things.—New York Press.

Gave Her a Good Chance.

She—The thing that surprises me is that I didn't discover how hopeless a fool you were before we were married.

He—Well, you have only yourself to blame for it. I asked you in plain English to be my wife.

Photos on Fabric.

Photographs can now be satisfactorily developed on a recently discovered fabric which can be washed and "done up" when necessary.

Stout People Small Eaters.

Excessive weight is not necessarily due to overeating, as many stout persons are very small eaters.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Lloyd Hughes and Lewis Stone in "AFFAIRS OF THE FOLLIES," a 7 reel special.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Jno. Gilbert in his latest picture, "THE SHOW."

Also a two reel comedy.

And other reels.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A great comedy drama, "UP IN MABEL'S ROOM," in 7 parts.

And a two reel comedy.

Admission : Children under 12 years, 15c. ; Adults, 25c.

Children not in arms must be paid for.

Two shows each evening at 7 and 8.45 p.m.

Matinee Saturday at 2 o'clock.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

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Berry Boxes.

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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Containing a varied assortment of stories of outdoor features, the August number of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News, well-known Canadian sporting magazine, has been received. A more unusual feature is included this month in the story "Mid-winter Nights Dreams," an interesting collection of reminiscences of the little known Hudson's Bay country. Samuel Alexander White contributes another stirring yarn of the old time fur traders. "Convoys Courageous" and Bonnycastle Dale this month has as his subject the Atlantic Salmon. Among the other interesting stories is fishing for rainbow trout in B. C. by Justin Wilson, and an article on pioneer grappling hook nets by H. H. Pittman. Notes of especial interest to hunters and anglers are contained in the regular items and Ammunition, Fishing Notes, Outdoor Talk and Kennel Departments. ROD AND GUN and CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ontario.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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All sizes Case Threshers

Also CLOVER HULLERS. Have Second-Hand Steam Engines, Tractors and Separators.

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JAS. E. CLARK

At the Campbell House, Napanee

28

The Objects of Service Clubs

In practically all towns and communities there are now Service Clubs of various kinds, which, while perhaps devoting a great part of their energies to specific lines of endeavor, nevertheless have one outstanding predominating characteristic common to all. That is the establishing between man and man, whether competitor or not, whether rich or poor, whether of high or low degree in the community, a spirit of co-operation, good will and mutual helpfulness. It is becoming daily more evident that much more can be accomplished, and much better conditions established, if men will work in harmony ; if they will help and support each other ; if they will so conduct their affairs as to be reasonably fair to all with whom they may have business dealings.

The principle can best be exemplified, so far as business and professional men are concerned, by extending to each other in any community such business patronage as we may have to hand out, rather than to extend such favors to those from distant towns or cities. Give to your home business houses all the patronage you possibly can.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

"Nathless, he may have a knife. I will open the door, and do you look out for him, Gervais."

I had a knife, and had it in my hand, ready to charge for freedom. But the door opened slowly and Gervais looked out for me—to the effect that my knife went one way and I another before I could wink. I reeled against the wall and stayed there, cursing myself for a fool that I had not trusted to fair words instead of to my dagger.

"Well done, my brave Gervais!" cried he of the vivid voice—a tall, fair-haired youth whom I had seen before. So had I seen the stalwart blackbeard Gervais. The third man was older, a common-looking fellow whose face was new to me. All three were in their shirts on account of the heat; all were plain, even shabby, in their dress. But the two young men wore swords at their sides.

The half-opened shutters overhanging the court let plenty of light into the room. It had two straw beds on the floor and a few old chairs and stools, and a table cover with dishes and broken food and wine bottles. More bottles, riding boots, whips and spurs, two or three hats and saddle-bags and various odds and ends of dress littered the floor and the chairs. Everything was of mean quality except the bearing of the two young men. A gentleman is a gentleman even in the Rue Coupejarrets—all the more, maybe, in the Rue Coupejarrets. These two were gently born.

The low man with scarred face held off from me. He whose name was Gervais confronted me with an angry scowl. Yeux-gris alone—for so I dubbed the third from his gray eyes, well open under dark brows—languidly looked no whit alarmed or angered; the only emotion to be read in his face was a gay interest as the blackavised Gervais put me to questions.

"How came you here? What are you about?"

"No harm, messieurs," I made haste to protest, ruing my stupidity with that dagger. "I climbed in at a window for sport. I thought the house was desert-ed."

He clutched my shoulder till I could have screamed for pain.

"The truth now, if you value your life you will tell the truth."

"Monsieur, it is the truth. I came in idle mischief; that was the whole of it. I had no notion of breaking in upon you or any one. They said the house was haunted."

"Who said that?"

"Maître Jacques at the Amour de Dieu."

He stared at me in surprise.

"What had you been asking about this house?"

Yeux-gris, lounging against the table, struck in:

"Can tell you that myself. He told Jacques he saw us in the window last night. Did you not?"

"Yes, monsieur. The thunder woke me, and when I looked out I saw you plain as day. But Maître Jacques said it was a vision."

"I flattered myself I saw you first and got that shutter closed very neatly," said Yeux-gris. "Damn! I am not fond of ghosts. Those old Jacques calls of ghosts, did he?"

"Yes, monsieur. He told me this house belonged to M. Bethune, who was a Huguenot and killed in the massacre."

Yeux-gris burst into joyous laughter.

"He said the house belonged to the Bethunes! Well played, Jacques! You owe that gallant me, Gervais, in the guise I took to make him think us Navarre's men. He is heart and soul for Henri Quatre. Did he say, perchance, that in this very courtyard Coligny fell?"

"No," said I, seeing that I had been fooled and had had all my terrors for naught, and feeling much chagrined thereat. "How was I to know it was a lie? I know naught about Paris. I came up yesterday from St. Quentin."

"St. Quentin!" came a cry from the henchman. With a fierce "Be quiet, fool!" Gervais turned to me and demanded my name.

"Felix Broux."

"Who sent you here?"

"Monsieur, no one."

"You lie."

Again he gripped me by the shoulder, gripped till the tears stood in my eyes.

"No one, monsieur; I swear it."

"You will not speak! I'll make you, by heaven!"

He seized my thumb and wrist to bend one back on the other, torture with strength such as his. Yeux-gris stepped up the table.

"Let alone, Gervais! The boy's honest."

"He is a spy."

"He is a fool of a country boy. A spy in hobnailed shoes, forsooth! No spy ever behaved as he has. I said when you first seized him that he was a spy. I say it again, now I have heard his story. He saw us by chance, and before Jacques's boy story spurred him on instead of keeping him off. You are a fool, my cousin."

"Pardieu! It is you who are the fool," growled Gervais. "You will bring us to the rope with your cursed easy ways. If he is a spy it means the whole crew are coming after us."

"What of that?"

"Pardieu! Is it nothing?"

Yeux-gris returned with a touch of haughtiness:

"It is nothing. A gentleman may live in his own house."

"Not when he has it he remembered something. He said much less boisterously.

"And do you want monsieur here?"

"No," he cried, "but you may be easy. He will not trouble himself to come."

Gervais regarded him silently an instant as if he thought of several things he did not say. What he did say was: "You are over-bold, my lord. You play the boy. Whatever he came for he has spied on us now. He shall not live to carry the tale of us."

"Then you have me to kill as well!"

Gervais turned on him snarling. Yeux-gris laid a hand on his sword hilt.

"I will not have an innocent lad hurt. I was not bred a ruffian," he cried hotly. They glared at each other. Then they broke with sudden simultaneous laughter.

"Ah, bah, Gervais!" broke into laughter.

"Now this merriment was a heart-warming thing to hear. For Gervais was taking the situation with a seriousness that was as terrifying as it was stupid. When I thought on his dogged eyes I could not but think the end of my might be near. But Yeux-gris's laughter showed that I was ridiculous; I was innocent of all harmful intent, and they were gentlemen, not cutthroats.

"Monsieur," I said, "I swear by the blessed saints I am what I told you. I am no spy and no one sent me here. Who are you or what you do not know. I am no more than a babe unborn. I belong to no party and am no man's man. As for why you choose to live in this empty house it is not my concern and I care no whit about it. Let me go, messieurs, and I will swear to keep at large about what I have seen."

"And am for letting you go," said Yeux-gris.

Gervais looked doubtful, the most encouraging attitude toward me he had yet assumed. He answered:

"If he had not said the name".

"Stuff!" interrupted Yeux-gris. "It is a coincidence, no more. If he were what you think it is the very last name he would have said."

"This was Creek to me: I had mentioned no names but Maître Jacques's and my own. And he was their friend.

"Messieurs," I said, "if it is my name that does not please you, why, I can say for it that if it is not very high-sounding, at least it is an honest one and has ever been held so down where we live."

"And that is at St. Quentin," said Yeux-gris.

"Yes, monsieur. My father, Anton Broux, is Master of the Forest to the Duke of St. Quentin."

He started and Gervais cried out:

"Voilà! who is the fool now?"

My nerves, which had grown tranquil since Yeux-gris came to my rescue, quivered anew. The common man started at the very word St. Quentin, and the masters started when I named the duke. Was it he whom they had spoken of as monsieur? Who and what were they? There was more in this than I had thought at first. It was no longer a mere question of my liberty; I was all eyes and ears for whatever information I could get.

Yeux-gris spoke to me for the first time gravely:

"This is not a time when folks take pleasure trips to Paris. What brought you?"

"I used to be monsieur's page down at St. Quentin," I answered, deeming the straight truth best. "When we learned that he was in Paris my father sent me up to him. I reached the city last night and lay at the Amour de Dieu. This morning I went to the duke's hotel, but the guard would not let me in. Then when monsieur drove out I tried to get speech with him, but he would have none of me."

The bitterness I felt over my rebuff must have been in my voice and face, for Gervais spoke abruptly:

"And do you hate him for that?"

"Nay," said I, churlishly enough. "It is his to use as he chooses. But I hate the Comte de Mar for striking me a foul blow."

"The Comte de Mar!" exclaimed Yeux-gris.

"His son."

"He has no son."

"But he has, monsieur. The Comte de"—

"He is dead," said Yeux-gris.

"Why, we knew naught," I was beginning, when Gervais broke in:

"You say the fellow's honest when he tells such tales as this! He saw the Comte de Mar!"

"I thought it must be he," I protested. "A young man who sat by monsieur's side, elegant and proud looking, with an aquiline face"—

"That is Lucas, that is his secretary, declared Yeux-gris, as who should say, "That is his setting."

Gervais looked at him oddly a moment, then shrugged his shoulder and demanded of me:

"What next?"

"I came away angry."

And walked all the way here to risk your life in a haunted house? Pardieu! too plain a lie."

"Oh, I would have done the like; we none of us fear ghosts in the daytime," said Yeux-gris.

"You may believe him; I am no such fool. He has been much in the Hôtel de Bethune, then the Comte de Mar. He is a clumsy spy; they might have found a better one. Not but what that touch about ill-treatment at monsieur's hand was well thought of.

"Monsieur," I cried, " there is a plot to murder you."

That was monsieur's suggestion, I warrant, for the boy has talked like a dolt else."

"I am no liar," I cried hotly. "Ask Jacques whether he did not tell me about the Bethunes. It is his lie, not mine. I did not know the Comte de Mar was dead, and this Lucas of yours is handsome enough for a count. I came here, as I told you, in curiosity concerning Maître Jacques's story. I had no idea of seeing you or any living man. It is the truth, monsieur."

"I believe you," Yeux-gris answered. "You have an honest face. You came into my house uninvited. Well, I forgive it now. Come to you to stay. You shall be my valet."

"He shall be nobody's valet," Gervais cried.

The gray eyes flashed, but their owner rejoined tranquilly:

"You have a man; surely I should have one, too. I understand the services of M. Felix are not engaged."

"Mille tonnerres! you would take this spy—this sneak"—

"As I would take M. de Paris if I chose," responded Yeux-gris with a cold hauteur that smacked more of a court than of this shabby room. He added lightly again:

"You think him a spy; I do not. But in any case he must not blab of us. Therefore he stays here and brushes my clothes. Marry, they need it."

Lastly, with grace he had disposed of the matter, he said:

"Monsieur, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"What!" he cried, a, if the clothes brush itself. I risen in rebellion, "what! you will not?"

"No," said I.

"And why not?" he demanded, plainly thinking me demented.

"Because I know you are against the Duke of St. Quentin."

Whatever they had thought me neither expected that speech.

"I am no spy or sneak," said. I. "It is true I came here by chance; it is true monsieur turned me off this morning. But I was born on his land and I am no traitor. I will not be valet or henchman for either of you if I die for it."

I was like to die for it. For Gervais whipped out his sword and sprang for me. I thought I saw Yeux-gris's out too when Gervais struck me over the head with his sword hilt. The rest was darkness.

CHAPTER V.

I came to my senses slowly, to hear loud, angry voices. As I opened my eyes and stirred the room reeled from me and all was blank again. Awhile after I grew aware of a clashing of steel. I lay wondering thickly what it was and why it had to be going on while my head ached so, till at length it dawned on my dull brain that swords were crossing. I opened my eyes again then.

They were fighting each other, Yeux-gris and Gervais. The latter was almost trampling on me, Yeux-gris had pressed him so close to the wall. Then he forced his way out, and they drove each other round in a circle till the room seemed to spin once more.

I crawled out of the way and watched them, bewildered, absorbed. It had more reason to thrill over the contest than the mere excellence of it—which was great—since I was the cause of the duel, and my very life, belike, hung on its issue.

They were both admirable swordsmen, yet it was clear from the first where the palm lay. Anything nimbler, lighter, easier than the sword-play of Yeux-gris I never hope to see in this imperfect world. The heavier Gervais's sary was hot, angry, breathing hard. A smile hovered over Yeux-gris's lips; already a red disc on Gervais's shirt showed where his cousin's sword had been and would soon go again, and deeper. I had forgotten my bruise in my interest and delight when with a sudden one whom we all had ignored took a hand in the game. Gervais's lackey darted forward and knocked up Yeux-gris's arm. His sword flew wide and Gervais slashed his arm from wrist to elbow.

With a smothered cry Yeux-gris caught at his wound. Gervais, ablaze with rage, sprang past him on his opponent. The man gaped with astonishment; then, for there was no time for parley, leaped for the door. It was barred, bolted, and with a look of deathly terror fell on his knees crouched up against the door-post. Gervais lunged. His blade passed clean through the man's shoulder and pinned him to the door. His head fell heavily forward.

"Have you killed him?" cried Yeux-gris.

"By my faith! I meant to," came the answer. Gervais was bending over the man. With an abrupt laugh he called out: "Killed him, pardieu! He had come off cheap."

He raised the fellow's limp head, and we saw that the sword had passed just over his shoulder, piercing the linen, not the flesh. He had swooned from mere terror, being in truth not so much as scratched.

Gervais turned to his cousin

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"But you are enemies to the Duke of St. Quentin?"

He answered me slowly:

"We do not love him. But we do not plot his death. He goes his way unharmed by us. We are gentlemen, not bravos."

"And Lucas?"

"Lucas is my cousin's enemy, and, being a great man's man, skulks behind the bars of the Hotel St. Quentin and will not face my cousin's sword. So, to reach him, takes a little plotting. Do you believe me?"

I looked into his gray eyes, that had flashed so hotly in my defense, and I could not but believe him.

"Yes, monsieur," I said.

He regarded me curiously.

"The duke's life seems much to you."

"Why, monsieur, I am a Broux."

"And could not be disloyal to save your life?"

"My life! Monsieur, the Broux would not seek to save their souls if M. le Duc preferred them damned."

I expected he would rebuke me for the outburst, but he did not; he merely said:

"And Lucas?"

"Oh, Lucas!" I said. "I know nothing of him. He is new with the duke since my time. I do not owe him anything save a grudge for that blow this morning. Mon dieu, monsieur, I am thankful to God for befriending me! Dying for monsieur is all in a day's work; we expect to do that. But, my faith, I had died just now it would have been for Lucas."

At this moment a long groan came from the end of the room. We turned; the fellow was waking from his swoon under the ministration of Gervais. He opened his eyes; their glance was dull till they fell on his master. And then at once they looked venomous.

Gervais kicked him into fuller consciousness.

"Get up, hound. It is time to meet Martin."

The wretch scrambled shakily to his feet and, pale, shielding the door jamb fairly flung him across the room into the closet and bolted the door upon him.

"I will settle with him later. But you are right. We cannot send him."

Yeux-gris burst into laughter.

"My faith! we need not have more trouble if we were heads of the League than this little duel of yours is giving us. Why, what if we are seen? I will go."

Gervais started.

"No; that will not do."

"Eh, bien, then, what will you propose?"

But it was some one else who proposed. I said to Yeux-gris:

"Monsieur, if all your purpose is against Lucas and no other I am your man. I will go."

"Nay, not, stubborn neck, you?"

"Why, monsieur, I owe you a great debt. While I thought you meant ill to M. le Duc I would not serve you. But this Lucas is another pair of sleeves. I owe him no allegiance. Moreover, he has struck me a foul blow. Therefore, I am quite at your disposal."

"Now, I wonder if you are lying," said Gervais.

"I do not think he is lying," Yeux-gris said. "I trow, Gervais, we have got our messenger."

"You need to beware of Pontou because he hates me, and then would have me trust this fellow?" Gervais demanded, with some acumen.

"Monsieur, you do not seem to understand how I come to make this offer."

"Get out of the house with a whole skin."

I had a joy in daring him, being sure of Yeux-gris.

"Monsieur," I said. "I should be glad to leave this house with my skin whole or broken so long as I left on my own feet. But you have mentioned the very reason why I shall not betray you. I do not love you and I do not love Lucas. Therefore if you and M. Lucas are in fight I ask nothing better than to help the quarrel on."

He stared at me with an air more of bewilderment than aught else, but Yeux-gris's ready laughter rang out.

"Bravo, Felix! I am proud of you! This is an idea worthy of Caesar! You would set your enemies to exterminate each other. And I asked you to be my valet!"

"Which do you wish to see slain?" demanded the blunt Gervais.

I answered quite truthfully:

"Monsieur, I shall be pleased either way."

"I know not how he relished the saying, for Yeux-gris cried out at once:

"Bravo, Felix, you are a diplomat! I have not yet enough learned whether you are as simple as sunshine or as deep as a well, but I love you."

"Then I am to go, monsieur?" I cried more coolly. "If I am a well truth lies at the bottom?"

"Well, Gervais?" demanded Yeux-gris.

Gervais bent his lowering brows on his cousin.

"Do you say, trust him?"

"Aye, I would trust him. For never yet did villain turn honest nor honest man villain. Felix is no villain. Moreover he was raised to serve against the duke he showed his stuff. He was no traitor; he was no coward; he was no liar. I think he is not these now."

Gervais was still doubtful.

"It is a risk. If he betrays"—

"What is life without risks?" cried Yeux-gris. "Come, befriending me so good a gambler, Gervais, to falter before a risk."

Well, Gervais consented, "I leave it to you. Do as you like."

Yeux-gris said at once to me:

"This Lucas, as I told you, is too cowardly to meet my cousin in open fight since he got the challenge he has never stuck his nose out of doors without a dozen or three of his lackeys about him. Therefore we have the right to get at him as we can. We have paid a man in the house to tell of a convenient occasion. He is to go secretly at night on a mission for M. le Duc, with one comrade only. M. Gervais and I will interrupt that little journey."

"Very good, monsieur. And I?"

"You will meet our spy and learn the going of the expedition, and at night when he told us of the plan it had not been decided."

"Then he will be the other man I saw in the window? I shall know him."

"You have sharp eyes and a sharp brain, youngster. But he will not know you. Therefore you can spy at once from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupejarrets. You will meet him in the Rue Pavée, by the north of the Hôtel St. Quentin. Do you know your way to the hotel? Well, then, you are to go down the passageway between the house and M. de Pontou's garden—you cannot mistake it, for on two sides of the house is the street, on the third the garden and on the fourth the alley-way. Half-way down the alley is an arch with a small door. In that arch our man, Louis Martin, will meet you. Do you understand?"

I repeated the directions.

"You have learned your lesson. You will ask him the half-penny bit."

"And you will take oath not to betray us," commanded Gervais.

I took out the cross that hung on my rosary. I was ready to swear, Gervais prompted:

"I swear to go and come straight and speak no word to any but Martin."

With all solemnity I swore it on my cross.

"That oath will be kept," said Yeux-gris. He held out a sudden hand for the cross, which I gave him, wondering.

I swear that we mean no harm whatsoever to the Duke of St. Quentin." He kissed the cross and flung the chain back over my neck.

At last I was free of the door unlocked. Yeux-gris even returned to me my knife.

"Au revoir, messieurs."

Gervais, sullen to the last, vouchsafed no answer, but Yeux-gris called out cheerily, "Au revoir."

CHAPTER VI.

Nothing in life can be so sweet as freedom after captivity, safety after danger. When I gained the open street once more and breathed the open air, no one molesting or hindering me, I could have sung with joy. I fairly hugged myself for my cleverness in getting out of my plight. As for the combat I was furthering, my only doubt about that was lest the skulking Lucas should not prove good sword enough to give trouble to M. Gervais. It was very far from my wish that he should come out of the attempt unscathed.

(Concluded next week).

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Partners of the Tide

...By...
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,
Author of "Cap'n Eri"

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"Prissy looked as if she was goin' to say something, but Clara cut in ahead of her. 'Yes,' says she, 'but what you haven't explained are your actions last Sunday. When a man asks the lady he's engaged to to go out drivin' with him and then calmly ups and takes somebody else, why'—

"'I wrote you how it happened,' says Ez, pleadin' like.

"'I never got the letter,' says Clara.

"'One minute, if you please,' breaks in Prissy, calm, but chilly, like a January mornin'. 'Let's understand this thing. Cap'n Titcomb, are you and Clara engaged to be married?'

"Ez swallered once or twice and looked round as if he was hopin' somebody'd heave a life line. But nobody did. Then he shoves his fists in his pockets and says, 'Why, yes, we—we are.'

"'Well, I never!' says Prissy.

"'I didn't say nothin', neither did Brad, but I ca'late we both looked s'prised. Tempy, who'd been settin' on the floor ever since the explanations, like one of the camp meetin' sperits, out of that closet, spoke up as if she was talkin' in her sleep, and says she, 'And it was Clara he was comin' to see all this time!'

"'Well,' says Prissy. 'Well, I must say, Cap'n Titcomb, that I think it would have been more manly if you'd come and seen Clara instead of spendin' your evenin's with us and lettin' us think'—

"'Come and see her!' bellers Ez. 'Didn't I try to come to see her? But every time I got to the kitchen door you or Tempy 'd take me in tow and head for the settin' room. I swan to man I ain't had a chance to breathe, you watched me so.'

"Tempy started to say something, but Prissy was skipper just then. 'Don't say any more, Tempy,' she says. 'Now that we know the cap'n is goin' to marry our—I guess she was goin' to say servant, but didn't hardly like to—our young lady friend,' says she, 'we'll treat him as her comp'ny, not ours. Come, we ain't wanted here.'

"And, helpin' Tempy up, she took her by the arm and sailed out, all canvas set and colors flyin'.

"Ez, he looked consider'ble like the feller that stole the hen's eggs and forgot and set down on 'em.

"Brad didn't speak. He jest looked sort of mournful at the partner and shook his head slow. I ain't a mind reader, but I'll bet he was thinkin', same as I was, that for a chap who had the name of bein' the slickest kind of a ladies' man, Ez Titcomb surtinly had upset the calabash this time.

"And we went out and left him alone with his best girl."

CHAPTER XIX.

"WELL, Clara," observed Captain Titcomb a few hours later, standing on the step by the back door and buttoning his peajacket, "I s'pose it had to come out some time, but I did hope 'twould come more soothin' like, as the feller said to the dentist. The thing that worried me most of all—always exceptin' your givin' me the mitten, as I'd begun to think you had—was how we was goin' to break it to the old maids. And now it's kind of broke itself, as you might say."

Clara, standing in the doorway, with a shawl about her shoulders, smiled, but shook her head. "Yes," she said, "I should say it had. I guess the best thing I can do is to come home right away. They'll never forgive me for letting you fall in love with me, Ezra, never in the world."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the captain hopefully. "That's where Brad 'll help out. He can do more than anybody else to square you and me with Prissy and Tempy. Land of love! Is that o'clock?"

"Yes, it is. You must be going right away. I'd no idea 'twas so late."

The fog had entirely disappeared, and it was a clear, cold November night. The heavens were spattered thick with stars, and the horizon was dotted here and there with the sparks of lighthouses and lightships. Sleeping Orham lay still, and the surf hummed a restful lullaby.

"What was that?" asked Clara, pointing.

"What was what?"

"I thought I saw a queer light out on the water there. Yes; see, there it is again."

The captain put up his hand to shade his eyes from the rays of the lamp in the kitchen and looked in the direction she was pointing. Out beyond the strip of water at the foot of the long hill behind the house, beyond the point that divided it from the harbor, a speck of light glowed for an instant, flared and went out.

"That's queer," he muttered. "That's off in the harbor, right by our moorin's."

The speck of light reappeared, grew larger, puffed for an instant into a ruddy flame that lit up the masts and hull of a schooner lying at anchor.

"Lord A'mighty!" yelled Captain Titcomb. "It's the Diving Belle on fire!"

And from the darkness in the direction of the distant wharf came a faint shout, then another.

The captain plunged headlong for the back fence. "Call Brad!" he shouted. "Quick!"

Clara ran screaming into the house, and her companion vaulted the fence and dashed down the hill. The dead grass beneath his feet was wet and slippery. Blackberry vines caught him about the ankles, and tangled clumps of bayberry bushes tore his clothes as he scrambled through them. Once he fell head first into a sand pit, but the sand was soft and he was not hurt. The Diving Belle was on fire! The Diving Belle was burning up! His brain repeated it over and over again. Then came the thought of what her loss would mean to Bradley and himself, and he groaned aloud.

He reached the foot of the hill and plowed through the soft sand of the beach. The tide was low, and he ran across the flats, splashing to his knees in the channels. As he climbed the bank by the bridge he heard some one running before him over the loose planks.

He crossed the bridge and panted up the second hill. As he reached its top the wind from the sea struck cold on his sweating forehead and brought to his ears the sound of shouting. There were lights in the upper windows of the houses he passed. Jonadab Wixon thrust a tousled head from the window of his bedroom and hailed, asking what was the matter.

Captain Titcomb could see the cluster of buildings at the landing plainly now and the masts of the catboats alongside the wharf. The water on the harbor was black except in one spot. There the Diving Belle lay in a flickering halo of red light. Little jets of flame were shooting up from her hull amidships. The smell of burning wood come on the wind.

Lem Mullett, the livery stable keeper, was just ahead, puffing and stumbling in the middle of the narrow road. He seized the captain by the arm as the latter overtook him.

"How'd—how'd—she git—afire?" he gasped.

Captain Titcomb did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the burning schooner, and he pushed Mr. Mullett out of the way and ran on.

Just as he reached the bend by Newcomb's fish house a huddle of men, some with overcoats on just as they'd been barehanded and half dressed, rushed wildly around the corner of the building. The captain's shoulder struck the foremost man a blow in the chest that knocked him backward.

"Uch! Ow!" grunted the man. Then he cried: "Hey? Is that you, Cap'n Ez?"

The captain was fighting his way through. "Let me by!" he shouted. "Git out of my way!"

Some obeyed, but others did not. There were confused cries of "Stop him!" "Don't let him go!" He was seized by the arm. The crowd closed about him.

"Don't let me go!" roared the captain, striking right and left. "Who'll stop me? Are you crazy? Parker, by thunder, I'll— Alvin Bearse, take your hands off me!"

But Alvin held tight. "Cap'n Ez," he pleaded, "listen! Listen just a minute! You mustn't go off to her. Ira, hold his other arm."

Overpowered and held fast, the bewildered captain gazed at the faces surrounding him. "For the Lord's sake!" he cried. "You cowards! Are you goin' to let her burn up without liftin' a hand? What are you standin' here for? Why ain't you aboard your ship, Alvin Bearse? Did you set her afire yourself? Let me go! I'll"—

He struggled frantically. "Cap'n Ez," he pleaded, "listen! Listen just a minute! You mustn't go off to her. Ira, hold his other arm."

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Fighting, pleading, swearing, Captain Titcomb was carried by main force along the road toward the hill by the bridge. Long lines of men were spouting from the Diving Belle's main hatch. Up in the village the schoolhouse bell was ringing.

"Don't let anybody go near the wharf," ordered Captain Taylor. "Warn 'em as fast as— What's that?"

There was a scuffle on the road below two or three shouts, the sound of running feet.

Ira Sparrow rushed up the hill. His voice trembled.

"He's got through! We didn't see him in time!" he panted.

"Who?" asked several voices.

"Brad Nickerson. I'm afraid he's goin' off to the schooner."

Captain Titcomb gave a spring that almost cleared him. The tears came into his eyes.

"For the Lord's sake," he begged, "are you goin' to let that boy kill himself?" Then, bending forward, he shouted: "Brad, Brad! Don't go nigh her for your life! The dynamite's aboard!"

The crowd was still. Every one listened. There was no reply, but they heard the rattle of oars in a dory's rowlocks.

When Bradley came out of the kitchen after the "burglar" had made his confession the shock was with Captain Eri, bade the latter a laughing good night and went up to his chamber. It was a long time before he fell asleep. He heard a stendy hum of conversation from the old maids' room and knew the sisters were going over the astonishing events of the evening. Once Miss Tempy came to his door to ask in a whisper if he knew Clara had told Captain Titcomb. "Oh, about forty-eight or fifty," he answered, smiling to himself.

He had fallen into a doze and was dreaming a confused sort of dream in which the sisters and he were chasing Sam Hammond from one room to another, while Gus locked the doors in front of them, when Clara's scream of "Fire!" rang through the house. He sat up in bed, not sure whether the cry was real or a part of the dream.

But the next moment he heard footsteps on the stairs. "Fire!" screamed Clara, rushing through the hall. "Oh, Brad, get up quick! The Diving Belle's all on fire!"

He was cool, surprisingly cool, as it seemed to him, when he thought of it afterward. His first move was to run to the window and look out the back. At first he saw nothing but the black night, the stars and the lights on the horizon. He noticed, too, how salty sweet the wind smelled as it blew from the inlet at the foot of the hill. Then he saw the puff of flame on the schooner in the harbor.

Barefooted, bareheaded, dressed only in his trousers and shirt, but struggling into his jacket as he ran, he sprang down the stairs. The sisters caught at his arm and cried something or other, but he did not heed them. Clara called after him that Captain Titcomb had gone to the schooner. He stopped for an instant to ask her to rouse some of the neighbors and send them to the wharf. As he came out into the yard he noticed vaguely that there was a light in one of the rooms of the Baker cottage.

He took the same route that his partner had taken, but made better time. It was evident that the fire had been seen by others, for as he crossed the bridge the schoolhouse bell was still ringing. It came to him like a flash, but too late, that he might have saved half the distance by taking one of the skiffs in the inlet and rowing straight out past the point.

There was a shouting crowd on the hill above the bridge, but he could see no boats about the Diving Belle and wondered why. Part of the crowd on the hill came running to meet him.

"Who's that?" shouted some one—Ira Sparrow, he thought.

Bradley did not answer. "Who is it?" cried Ira again. "Stop!"

The junior partner did not stop. "Squealer" Wixon got in his way and caught at his jacket. Bradley tripped him up, jumped the rail fence by the roadside and ran across the fields. He heard "Squealer" shouting his name.

The wharf was empty. Not a man was there. He reached the stringpiece, caught at the painter of one of the dories alongside, and, pulling the boat toward him, jumped in. Luckily the oars were lying on the thwarts. He picked them up and, with his knife, cut the painter.

And then he heard the captain's voice calling to him from the hill: "Brad, Brad! Don't go nigh her for your life! The dynamite's aboard!"

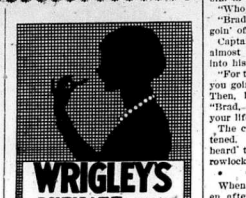
Like his partner, Bradley had forgotten the dynamite. Mechanically he put the oars in the rowlocks and sat motionless. The captain had ceased shouting. It was very still. He heard the bell ringing in the distance and the gurgle of the tide among the piles under the wharf. A whiff of smoke from the Diving Belle blew across his face, and he turned and looked at the schooner.

He remembered reading in the Boston Herald a month or so before of a wrecking vessel that had caught on fire off Long Island somewhere. She, too, had dynamite on board, and her skipper and the mate had saved her by throwing the explosive overboard. But they were out there when the fire started. He looked at his own vessel, the schooner that he and the captain had longed for and worked for and petted like a baby. Then he set his teeth and began rowing.

The crackle of burning timber was plain as he scrambled over the Diving Belle's rail. The flames were pouring up from under the covering of the main hatch, and the smoke was rolling thick from the cabin companion. He would have given anything for an ax, but the only one on board was by the wood box in the galley below. He caught up the boat hook that was in its rack by the bulwark and ran to the hatch.

He put the point of the hook under the heavy cover and began prying the latter loose. It gave a little, slipped back and then pulled over the cleats. With the hook he got a firm grip upon its edge and turned it over with a clatter. The smoke belched up in a cloud, but as it cleared he fell upon his knees and peered below.

The fire was almost amidships, among some loose planks and an empty tar barrel. These were burning fiercely and the beams of the hull



DOUBLE MINT—easy to remember—and hard to forget, once you've tried it.
Keeps teeth white, breath sweet, aids appetite and digestion . . .
After Every Meal

WOMAN COULD HARDLY WALK

Mrs. Horn Tells how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would not be without it now. I had a female trouble so badly I could hardly walk and I was all run-down and could hardly get around to do my housework. I would be in bed three or four days at a time. I was told by a friend to try your Vegetable Compound and I did, and by the time I took two bottles I was beginning to get around again. I took ten bottles in all, and now I am all right again and doing my own work. I have six grown-ups to work for, so I have plenty to do. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and I think it is good. But I owe my health to the Vegetable Compound, and I think if more of it was used sickness would be better off. I would not be without it if it cost much more."—Mrs. NELLIE JACKSON, 800 East Canon Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Do you feel broken down, nervous and weak sometimes? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently, will relieve this condition.

...were beginning to...ome out. But the dynamite chest was farther forward, beyond the bulkhead, which was only beginning to burn, and he could see there was just a chance of something if he was quick. With the dynamite once out of the way help from the shore might save the schooner. He drew a long breath and put his hands on the edges of the hatch.

Then he heard a faint voice calling for help.

He thought for a moment that he must be going crazy, but the voice called again. "Help!" it wailed. "Some body help!"

Bradley jumped to his feet and ran aft. The door at the head of the cabin stairs had been left open when the partners went home the previous night, but Bradley had pulled the sliding hatch shut. Now the hatch was pushed back as far as it would go, and the door was shut tight.

"Who is it?" shouted Bradley, stooping to the opening between the top of the door and the hatch. The dense smoke in his face made him cough.

"Help!" the voice came up through the smoke. "It's me—Hammond!"

The junior partner started back. "Hammond?" he repeated. "Hammond?" And then in a changed voice, "What are you doing aboard here?"

"I came after my things. I forgot about the spring lock. Quick! Oh, quick!"

"Came after your things! You lie! You came to set this fire!"

There was no reply for a moment, only a gasping, choking sound in the smoke. Then the voice began again. "Let me out!" it screamed. "I'm dying! Brad Nickerson, you want to murder me! Durn you, let me out! Oh, please, Brad! For God's sake, please!"

Bradley stood upright and looked about him. His beloved schooner, or

"We'll have to swim! Jump quick!"

the sneaking enemy who had set her on fire and who was responsible for all his troubles—which? To force that plain door meant that the flame and the hold would have time to burn through the bulkhead and then— He heaved a long sigh, and with that sigh he said goodby to the Diving Belle. He turned and rushed to the main hatch.

The prisoner in the cabin heard him go and screamed choking curses after him. But Bradley had gone only to get the boat hook. He came back with it and began the attack upon the door. That door was built of tough wood, almost new, and the captain's lock was new also. The boat hook only tore off splinters and chips. Finally the hook broke just where the iron joined the handle.

Sam had ceased to yell and beg for rescuer to hurry. His cries changed to coughs and strangling moans. Bradley became silent altogether. Bradley desperate, threw down the broken boat hook and ran about the deck hunting by the light of the fire, for something heavy, something that could be used. He picked up the spare beam, re-enforced with iron, that they slung over the vessel's fore quarter when they hoisted heavy chains on board.

It was so clumsy that he could scarcely carry it, but he stepped back by the wheel to get a start and, running forward, threw it against the door. The double oak panels cracked lengthwise. Three times he hurled the battering ram, with his own weight behind it. At the fourth attempt the door burst inward and he fell on his face.

"Sam!" he shouted. "Sam, come on!"

But Hammond did not answer. Shutting his eyes and holding his breath, Bradley descended the cabin stairs. Hammond was lying unconscious at their foot. The junior partner dragged him to the deck and away from the smoke. Then he shook and pounded him savagely. After a bit the fellow opened his eyes and gasped.

Then Bradley left him and ran to the main hatch. One glance showed him that the schooner was doomed and that the dynamite might explode at any moment. The thin bulkhead was a wall of flame and was shaking like a sheet of paper in the fierce draft. Black smoke, powdered with sparks, was vomiting from the fo'castle. The Diving Belle was on fire from stem to stern.

Hammond yelled wildly from the after rail. "The dory's gone!" he shouted. "My dory's gone! Where's yours?"

Bradley had not stopped to fasten the dory when he boarded the schooner, and the boat had drifted away. Hammond, half drunk when he left the wharf, had bungled the knot with which his dory was fastened, and that, too, was gone.

"We'll have to swim!" cried Bradley. "Jump quick! She's going to blow up!"

Sam sobbed in sheer terror. "I can't make it!" he screamed. "I'm too weak. I'll drown."

"You've got to make it. Jump! I'll keep close behind you."

Hammond caught at a shroud, stepped upon the bulwark and stood there, turning a white face first toward the shore and then back at his companion. There was a muffled rumble from the hold. The deck rose and fell.

"Jump!" shouted Bradley. "Jump!"

Sam threw up his arms and leaped from the stern. Bradley cast one glance over the poor Diving Belle, ran to the rail in the foremast and dived after him.

At that moment, before his head appeared above the surface, there came a dull roar from the schooner's hold. She rocked like a row-boat among breakers. A flame burst from her hatches and fo'castle and streamed to the top of her foremast, every rope of which caught fire. The entire town was aroused by the shock that dipped now this way, now that.

Hammond, swimming for his life, yelled with fright. Bradley, caught in the waves made by the sinking of the Diving Belle, was for a moment unable to make any headway. Vaguely he wondered why he had not been killed. And then the foremast swung above his head and the noisy hoisting block in the forerigging snapped from its burning tackle, shot out into the air and fell, striking him on the forehead.

He remembered almost nothing of what happened after that—nothing except fighting to keep afloat and the intense cold of the water.

* * *

Captain Titcomb on the hill had fought and struggled and pleaded to be allowed to go to his partner's aid. But Captain Taylor said, "Better one than two," and most of the others agreed with him. "Squealer" Wixon was going through the crowd, telling all who would listen that if he had not had some fellows at his house "settin' up" playing cards the fire would be out long before this and Bradley safe in bed. Then the blaze grew brighter and Bradley could be seen running about the schooner's deck. Alvin Bearse volunteered to go with his skipper and attempt a rescue, but they would not let him try. In whispers people were asking one another how long it would last.

When Hammond appeared on deck there was a great commotion. No one knew who it was. But when he stood upon the rail, with the fire behind him, a dozen shouted his name. Captain Titcomb shouted it and swore. A moment later came the explosion.

Fifty men started for the wharf then, but the captain was far in the lead. He leaped into a dory and pushed off. The harbor was almost as high as day. In the center of the light the two figures in the water were splashing silhouettes.

And suddenly the captain, rowing frantically, was aware that another boat was nearer the schooner than his own. A lady skiff, rowed by a bareheaded girl, had come from behind the point and was speeding with long, sure strokes toward the swimmers.

Hammond saw it. "Help!" he shouted, waving one arm. "Help! I'm drowning! Save me!"

The skiff was almost upon him. He reached out to grasp its side. But the rower, though she turned and looked directly into his face, did not stop. She kept straight on, past him.

And Captain Titcomb as he seized Sam Hammond by the coat collar saw Cora Baker leap, from her skiff and drag to its low gunwale the helpless form of Bradley Nickerson.

Then, with a hiss and wrapped in a great white robe of steam, the Diving Belle dived to the bottom of the harbor.

CHAPTER XX.

AT 9 o'clock that morning Bradley, with his head bandaged, sat in the rocking chair by the window of his chamber, looking out. On the table beside him were medicine vials, teaspoons and a pencilled memorandum in Dr. Palmer's handwriting; also there were an emulsion bottle and a water pitcher of "pepper tea." These last were Miss Tempy's contribution. That lady herself, with a face whiter even than Bradley's own and with fingers that shook until holding a needle was next to an impossibility, was seated in a chair by the door, pretending to sew. Every now and then she looked up, seemed about to speak, and then, seeing the expression on the young man's face, remained silent. Occasionally she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

Bradley went to the Point that day in spite of his partner's protests and the old maids' pleadings and direful prophecies concerning his health. He was kind, but so firm that they soon saw there was no use arguing.

Ira Sparrow took Bradley and Captain Titcomb to the Point in the Yau and I. Bearse, Ellis and some of the other men went with them. On the way Bradley and his partner discussed the situation. The work on the barge was going on as if nothing had hap-

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

"We'll stick to those who stick by us."

pened, although the news of the firm's loss had been telephoned to the life saving station early that morning. Barney Small met them as they climbed over the Freedom's rail. He was very sober and shook his employers' hands with silent sympathy.

"I told the boys to turn to," he said, "I didn't know what your plans was, but I wasn't goin' to quit till you said the word."

"Much obliged, Barney," said Bradley. "Call all hands aft." I want to talk to them."

The men came in groups, soot streaked and perspiring. They gathered in he waist, whispering to each other and glancing askance at Captain Titcomb and Bradley, who stood upon the raised deck by the wheel. In most of the grimy, sunburned faces there was a friendly concern. All looked embarrassed and awkward. When the whole crew was standing there, silently waiting, Bradley came forward.

"Fellows," he said, "when Cap'n Titcomb and I took the contract to get this barge off the shoals we risked every dollar we had. More than that, we mortgaged our new schooner to raise money to pay you with. She was burned last night, and, as the cap'n said, there is no insurance. The little money we have on hand belongs to the people who took the mortgage. We couldn't pay you for another week's work. So then, either we must give up the contract—which will ruin us and drive the firm out of the wrecking business for good—or we must come to you with another proposition. I think every man she has worked for us knows that we don't play favorites. Every fellow knows that he'll be treated fair so long as he does his work. But this I want to say: We'll stick to those who stick by us. We shan't forget our friends. And this is our proposition: To the men who will volunteer to help us get this barge afloat, we will pay $1 a day—instead of $2, as you're getting now—when we float her and get our money. If we fail, you get nothing, and so do we. If we win, you win. We can float her if the weather holds good. What I'm asking is that you share your chances. It's up to you. What do you say?"

Bradley stopped and put his hands into his pockets. The men shuffled their feet and looked at each other. One or two of them whispered behind their hands. Then Barney Small snatched his rusty cloth cap from his head, tossed it to the deck and jumped upon it with both feet.

"Stage is ready for Orham, South Orham, West Harniss and Setuckit P'int!" he shouted. "Git aboard! Come on, you lubbers! Have me and Brad and Cap'n Ez got to work her 'em alone?"

Alvin Bearse struck the ex-stage driver a resounding thump in the back. "You bet you ain't!" he cried. "I'm in!"

"Me, too!" said Ira Sparrow.

"Present and accounted for," observed Bill Taylor. Ellis simply nodded and stepped forward. Others joined them, and then all hands.

Then Peleg Myrick sauntered to the front. "I dunno's I jest understand what the boss wants," he drawled, "but if there's anything me and Skeet Hicks can do, why"—

That settled it. There was a cheer, and the men began pushing each other out of the way to join the volunteers. In a few minutes there were only five who had not come forward.

And after that came work, work, work. The men were organized into day and night gangs. Bradley commanded the former, Captain Titcomb the latter.

The partners hired the Yau and I to do what she could of the work the Diving Belle had been engaged in. Lack of the schooner was a great handicap, but they had no funds with which to hire a large vessel.

They made their headquarters aboard the barge now. Gradually did not go up to Orham at all. When his day's work was over he ate a hasty supper and tumbled into a berth in the skipper's cabin, sometimes to sleep, but more often to lie awake and plan for the morrow. He was still pale and weak from the effects of the blow on the head, but he would not take it easy, as the captain begged. The worry and strain of the labor were in a sense reliefs to him—they kept him from thinking of other things.

Each morning the old maids telephoned to the station to learn how he felt and how the work was progress-

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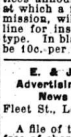
Cook's Regulating Compound



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23-1-7

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission to be charged 5 cents per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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Special Prizes to be Given at the Lennox Fair

August 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 1927

CATTLE SPECIALS

LIVE STOCK JUDGING COMPETITION

1—R. A. Daly & Co., Stock Brokers, Toronto, donates $25.00; The Canadian Department Store, $25.00; towards individual prizes; Dr. Stratton donates a handsome silver cup to the winning Team, also a handsome Trophy to the boy standing highest in Township of Richmond.

Cash Prizes

	Horses	Dairy Cattle	Beef Cattle	Sheep	Swine
1st	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00
2nd	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00
3rd	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
4th	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00

Medal.

A Silver Medal will be awarded to the contestant standing highest in judging each class of stock. No competitor will be paid more than one cash prize and may receive only one medal.

The contest is open to young men not over 25 years of age who have not won First Prize in a similar contest. Any young man who enters the contest may compete for the cash prizes and medals.

Each Township will have a township coach who must select three of the contestants to compete as a team for the Dr. Stratton cup.

Young men who have taken the regular course at O.A.C. are not eligible to compete.

Classes of stock to be judged will include heavy horses, dairy cattle, beef cattle, sheep, swine.

Agricultural Representatives from other Counties will conduct the contest.

The contest will take place at 9 a.m., Wednesday, August 24th.

Contestants must be members of the Lennox Fair.

2—Dairy Test.

(Open to all members of the Society)

Superintendent in charge—J. Laughland and Government Judge.

1. All animals competing in the Pure Bred Class must be recorded in the Canadian or American records.

2. At the time of making entry, the number of days in milk must be given.

3. All awards in the Dairy Test shall be made by this scale:

25 points for each pound of butter fat.
3 points for each pound of solids, not fat.
1 point for each 10 days in milk after the first thirty days.
Limited to 10 points.

4. The milking competition shall extend over forty-eight hours. Rations of cows will not be considered. Cows shall be milked three times per day.

5. They shall be milked dry in the presence of the judges on Wednesday noon and the test concluded on Friday noon. The percentage of fat to be determined by the Babcock tester, and solids by ascertaining the specific gravity of the milk, then estimating the amount of solids by the use of the authorized formulas for that purpose.

6. All animals must have calved at least six days before the beginning of the test.

7. To qualify for a prize, a cow must give at least forty pounds of milk in forty-eight hours.

8. All cows entering this contest must be on the grounds by 9 a.m., Tuesday.

9. Exhibitors will be responsible for the safe keeping of their cows during the test.

10. The Recorder of the Napanee Dairy Centre, or other person authorized by the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, will act as judge of this test.

Open to Pure Bred or Grades. All Grades must be sired by Pure Bred Bull. Name and number to be given at time of entry.

The following prizes will be given:

CLASS A—Pure Bred Cows—1st, $15.00; 2nd, $10.00; 3rd, $5.00. This prize is contributed by the Farmers' Dairy Company.

CLASS B—Grade Cows—1st, $10.00; 2nd, $6.00; 3rd, $4.00. These prizes are given by Campbell Huse, $10.00; J. L. Boyes & Son, $10.00.

3—Holstein Fresian Association of Canada—$15.00.

To the owner of the Holstein Fresian Cow, 48 months old and over, winning first prize.

4—Holstein Fresian Association of Canada—$10.00.

To the person owning the Holstein Fresian Heifer, under 48 months old, winning the first prize in this test.

5—Pure Bred Calf Club—Royal Bank—$16.00.

Members must not be over 18 years of age. Each member may select a male calf or a female calf or both. Calves must be born after January 1st, 1926. Members must feed and care for their calves until the date of the Napanee Fair, where the calves will be exhibited on the halter. Members must be prepared to show the Judge the pedigrees of the calves exhibited at the Napanee Fair.

Parents or guardians of members of the Calf Club must be members of the Lennox Fair.

Beef Breeds—1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00.

Dairy Breed—1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00.

This prize is given by the Royal Bank, who will issue Pass Books for the above amounts.

6—F. D. Marsh—$5.00.

For the best Shorthorn Calf of 1927, $2.50.

For the best Holstein Calf of 1927, $2.50.

7—Dr. Harold Ward, Englewood, N.J.—$30.00.

In memory of his father, Dr. G. C. T. Ward, who was one of the first breeders of Holstein Cattle in the County.

For best Holstein Bull, 1st $8; 2nd $5; 3rd $2.

For best Dairy Holstein Cow, 1st $8; 2nd $5; 3rd $2.

8—Belleville Creameries, Limited—Three signs for gate posts, showing farmers' name, Township and lot number.

One to each farmer finishing first, second and third in Dairy Test.

9—Get of Bull Competition—$30.00.

$15.00 donated by the Dominion Bank.

$15.00 donated by The Bank of Montreal.

DAIRY CLASS

The entry for this class shall consist of three animals under 24 months and over 12 months at time of Fair, all sired by the same pure-bred bull. An entry may consist of heifers, males or both sexes and it is not necessary that the animals all be owned by the one exhibitor. Males must be pure-bred, but heifers may be either grade or pure-bred.

1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

BEEF CLASS

Three animals under 24 months and over 12 months at time of Fair, all the get of one pure-bred bull. Open to heifers grade or pure-bred, steers and to pure-bred males. The animals may be owned by one or more exhibitors.

1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

10—Wm. Davis—10 lbs. roast beef.

For best Beef, 2 years old.

11—Bank of Montreal—$15.00.

For best herd of Dairy Cattle, one male and four females. 1st $10; 2nd, $5.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

12—D. S. Wilson—No-crank Freezer—Value $3.00.

For best 5 lbs. Dairy Butter.

13—McGreer's Grocery—$3.00.

For best 5 lbs. butter in one pound prints. 1st $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

GRAIN AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

14—A. L. Dafoe—$5.00.

For best pair dressed Fowl, $2.50.
For best pair dressed Ducks, $2.50.

15—Dr. Willoughby—$5.00.

For best bushel Oats grown in 1927, $2.50.
For best bushel Barley grown in 1927, $2.50.

16—E. C. Metcalfe Canning Co., Deseronto.

For the best peck of Tomatoes. 1st 12 cans tomatoes; 2nd 9 cans; 3rd 3 cans.

17—Wallace Drug Co.—$10.00.

For best bushel Early Potatoes. 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.00.
For best bushel Late Potatoes. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

18—Empire Cafe—$2.00.

For the best 12 ears of corn on cob, grown in 1927.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

19—Canadian Canning Co., Napanee—One case peas.

For best display of Canadian Canning Co. goods.

20—Thompson Bros.—25 lbs. Flour.

For best loaf of bread made from Royal Household Flour, purchased from donor.

21—Webster's Grocery—$5.00.

For best layer cake. 1st, $1.50; 2d, $1.00.
For best loaf Brown Bread. 1st, $1.50; 2nd, $1.00.

22—Boyle & Son—Universal Cake Mixer—Value $6.00.

For the lady winning the largest number of points in Domestic Science cooking.

A 1st prize counts 5 points; 2nd prize counts 3 points; 3rd prize 1 point.

23—A. E. Caton—$3.00.

For best Pumpkin Pie. 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

24—Ogilvies Flour Mills, Montreal.

For the best loaf of bread made from Ogilvies Royal Household Flour. 1st, one bag; 2nd, ½ bag; 3rd, ¼ bag. Each exhibitor must attach to the bread exhibited an invoice covering the purchase of the flour from which the bread was made.

25—A. S. Kimmerly—25 lbs. Flour.

For best half dozen Buns.

26—H. W. Huffman's Grocery—100 lbs. Reindeer Flour.

For best loaf of bread made by a farmer's wife or daughter. It must be made from Reindeer Flour and must be purchased from Huffman's Grocery and have invoice attached to bread.

27—Denison Bros.—10 lbs. Shortening.

For best dozen Doughnuts made with shortening and flour purchased at Denison's.

28—W. H. Grass—50 lbs. Flour.

For best loaf of Bread. Flour to be purchased from donor and invoice attacted to bread.

APIARIAN SPECIALS

29—Napanee Marble Works—$5.00.

For the best jar of honey. 1st $1.50; 2nd $1.00.
For the best section of honey in comb. 1st $1.50; 2nd $1.00.

30—Harry Scott—$3.00.

For best collection and display of honey. 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

FANCY WORK SPECIALS

31—Salada Tea Co.—10 lbs. Salada Tea—Value $9.50.

For Sweater Coat, wool knit, 2½ lbs. Tea; Bed Spread, home woven, 2½ lbs. Tea; Quilt, pieced, cotton, 2½ lbs Tea; Scarf, out-door wear, knit or crochet, 2½ lbs. Tea.

32—Geo. Robertson & Son., Kingston—$5.00.

For luncheon set, 7 or 9 pieces, $2.50; Fancy Bed Spread, $2.50.

33—Mrs. Doxsee—$5.00.

For best hand decorated crystalline lamp shade of handkerchief linen or lawn.

FLORICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

34—W. S. Herrington, K.C.—$5.00.

Five prizes of one dollar each for best six blooms of Asters of different colors. One dollar for each.

Any exhibitor may compete for one or more prizes in this competition.

35—Haines Shoe Co.—$7.50.

Best four spikes of Gladioli of the following shades: Pink, Red, Salmon, Blue or Purple, White or Yellow. Each color to be in separate vase. 1st, $1.00 for each color; 2nd, 50c. for each color.

36—Thompson's Grocery—$2.00.

For best bouquet of cut gadioli, arrangement of bouquet to be taken into consideration, $1.00.

For best bouquet of named varieties of cut Gladioli, $1.00.

37—Imperial Tobacco Co.—$5.00.

Best bouquet Decorative Dahlia, 1st $1.50, 2nd, $1.00.
Best bouquet of show Dahlia, 1st, $1.50, 2nd, $1.00.

38—Hum Wah—$2.00.

Best collection of Zinnias. 1st $1.25, 2nd 75c.

39—Canadian Canning Co.—One case Tomatoes.

For the largest and best display of Sweet Peas. 1st, 12 cans, 2nd, 9 cans, 3rd, 3 cans.

40—Hydro Electric Co.—Toaster—Value $6.00.

For best hanging basket of flowers.

41—Skitch, the Photographer, Napanee—Six 8 x 10 photographs.

For best table bouquet.

FRUIT SPECIALS

42—Grand Cafe—$2.00.

For best plate of Duchess Apples. 1st, $1.50, 2nd 50c.

43—Fred Perry—$5.00.

For the best assortment of Winter Apples, 3 kinds, 4 of each variety, $2.50.

For best assortment of Fall Apples, 3 kinds, 4 of each variety, $2.50.

SHEEP SPECIALS

44—Paul Killorin—$5.00.

For best pen of Oxford Down Sheep, consisting of one ram, 1 year old, one ewe, two shears, one shearling ram, one ewe lamb. The above prize open to Lennox and Addington.

45—McIntosh Bros.—$5.00.

For best pen of sheep, any breed, owned in County of Lennox and Addington.

46—Madole Hardware Co.—Value $5.00—One gallon Zinc-o-lith White Paint.

For the best ewe, 2 shears, one yearling shear, one ewe lamb, owned in Lennox and Addington.

SWINE SPECIALS

47—Dr. Meng, M.P.P.—$5.00.

For three best bacon hogs weighing between 160 and 220 lbs.

48—Geo. Switzer—$5.00.

For best sow and litter of pigs. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

49—Card's Garage—$5.00.

For best Boar, $3.00.

For best Brood Sow, $2.00.

HORSE SPECIALS

50—W. J. VanDusen—Rug—Value $6.00.

For best single turnout driven by a lady to be shown third day of Fair. Open to Lennox and Addington.

51—Hiram Shannon—$10.00.

For best yearling colt by Rouget Second. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

For best Foal of 1927. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

52—Wilson's Shoe Store—$5.00.

For best carriage colt foaled in 1927. 1st, $3.00; 2nd $2.00.

53—The Graham Co.—$10.00.

For the best single driving horse, owned by a farmer living in the County of Lennox and Addington, equipment considered. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

54—Paisley House—$10.00.

For best driving horse, 15½ hands or under, driven by a lady. Open to Lennox and Addington. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

55—Napanee Iron Works—$15.00.

For best pair of driving horses, equipment considered. 1st, $10.00; 2nd $5.00. To be judged third day.

56—Daly Tea Co.—$20.00.

For best heavy draught team, soundness and value to be considered, owned in County of Lennox and Addington. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

For the best general purpose team owned in the county, 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

57—P. V. Finnegan—Service fee of "Judge Carman" for 1927.

For best carriage colt by "Judge Carman" shown this year.

58—Ezra Pringle—Value $2.00—Four new shoes.

For best heavy draught colt foaled in 1927.

59—Joe Brown—Value $2.00—Four shoes.

For best roadster colt foaled in 1927.

60—E. O. Ungar—$5.00.

For best single driving horse driven by a lady.

61—C. W. Hambly—$15.00.

For best single turnout, horse and outfit considered. 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

62—C. A. Wiseman—$10.00.

For best saddle horse. 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00; 3rd, $2.00. To be shown last day of Fair.

POULTRY SPECIALS (Open Class).

The Napanee Poultry Association—$50.00.

63—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Cock.
64—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Hen.
65—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Cockerel.
66—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Pullet.
67—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Cock.
68—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Hen.
69—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Cockerel.
70—$1.5 0for the best White Wyandotte Pullet.
71—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Cock.
72—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Hen.
73—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
74—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Pullet.
75—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Cock.
76—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Hen.
77—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
78—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Pullet.
79—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Cock.
80—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Hen.
81—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Cockerel.
82—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Pullet.
83—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Cock.
84—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Hen.
85—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Cockerel.
86—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Pullet.
87—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Cock.
88—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Hen.
89—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Cockerel.
90—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Pullet.
91—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Cock.
92—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Hen.
93—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Cockerel.
94—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Pullet.

95—$2.00 for the best Pen in the Show.

W. A. Stacy—$6.00.

96—$1.50 for 1st prize White Wyandotte Cockerel.
97—$1.50 for 1st prize White Wyandotte Pullet.
98—$1.50 for best cockerel in the show, any variety.
99—$1.50 for best Pullet in the Show, any variety.

F. L. Hooper Special.

100—Their choice of sufficient of the best wall paper in our stock to paper any one room in the house, to any farmer's wife or daughter exhibiting the best cockerel and pullet. Winners of this competition in previous years will not be eligible. Any person competing for this special must have tag marked "for Hooper's Special," and all birds must be entered in open competition.

The following Poultry Specials are open to breeders in Lennox and Addington only.

Napanee Express—$20.00.

Captain Hughson—$5.00.

101—$1.50 for the best pair in Asiatic Breed.
102—$1.50 for the best pair in American Breed.
103—$1.50 for the best pair in Mediterranean Breed.
104—$1.50 for the best pair in English Breed.
105—$1.50 for the best pair in French Breed.
106—$1.50 for the best pair Ornamental Bantams.
107—$1.50 for the best pair Ducks in the show.
108—$2.00 for the best pair Geese in the show.
109—$2.00 for the best collection of Pigeons.
110—$2.00 for the best Cock in the show.
111—$2.00 for the best Hen in the show.
112—$2.00 for the best Cockerel in the show.
113—$2.00 for the best Pullet in the show.
114—$2.00 for the largest and best collection of any one standard variety.

Miscellaneous Specials Donated to Lennox Fair Towards Ball Games.

Robert Light—$15.00.
John Hubbs, M.P.—$10.00.
Standard Bank—$10.00.

Baby Show!

And Concert

In Front of the Grand Stand
Evening of the First Day

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd

at 7.15 p.m.

$32.00 - In - Prizes

THE GIBBARD FURNITURE COMPANY

Donates Special Prizes as follows:

(A)—Best Baby Boy, three months to one year, First, $5.00; Second, $

(B)—Best Baby Boy, one year to eighteen mont First, $5.00; Seco

(C)—Best Baby Girl, three months to one y First, $5.00; S

(D)—Best Baby Girl, one year to eigh

Harry Lottri

Has Bee

Tuesd

All Publi

Hostess invit

"The Royal York."

It has been decided to christen the new Canadian Pacific hotel at Toronto "The Royal York," after the old-time name of the present city of Toronto. To occupy the site of the present Queen's Hotel, the new palatial structure will be 28 storeys high, with all the modern arrangements of ball room, convention hall, roof garden and so forth. The Royal York should prove a splendid new link in a celebrated chain of hostels stretching across the Dominion.

COMING :-: EVENTS

LENNOX FAIR, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

PAVEMENT DANCE—Under the auspices of the Napanee Band, Tuesday evening, August 9th. In event of rain the dance will be held on the following evening. Tickets 25c. Three prizes for lucky numbers.

Extra Special Smart Styles in Felt Hats--Special $3.95 each

Really a superb collection of hats, featuring the newest summer shapes and shades. They are cleverly designed and well made from a splendid quality of felt. Obtainable are Hats for every occasion.

STORE No. 10

Successors to

The Robinson Co. Limited, Napanee

Misses' Pullover Sweaters, Pure Wool Yarns--$4.50 each

They come in fine light weight yarns, appropriate and fashionable for summer wear. The bodies are in plain white, with colored horizontal bar trimmings. All have long sleeves, with snug fitting cuffs.

Men's

Fine Outing Shirts $1.29 each

Made with collar attached and featured in three good color combinations— White, Cream and striped effects. These are excellent shirts for vacation wear.

Men's

Half Hose on Sale 39 cents pair

The price is no criterion of the quality or the value of this timely sale. Offered are plain and fancy lisle hose. Small sizes in silk and wool.

Boys'

Shirt Waists Clearing 59 cents each

These are good-fitting and smart appearing garments—exceptionally so for the price.

Patterns come assorted.

Ages 6 to 14 years.

Boys'

Pullover Sweaters Priced $2.95 each

As smart in style and as clever in color combination as you can possibly imagine.

A fine weight for immediate and early Fall wear.

Men's

Elastic Garters 25c. and 50c. pair

Possibly the most important item in a man's wardrobe. It's a good policy to keep an extra pair ahead of your immediate requirements. We have a complete range of styles and colors.

Men's

Sport Belts Priced 50c. to $1.00

These belts have been chosen very critically. We have given special attention to designs, colors, finish and workmanship. In the showing are belts for every requirement.

Men's

1-piece Bathing Suits, All Sizes

Bathing Suits should be a part of every man's regular summer wardrobe. We are specializing on men's styles and men's colors.

Cotton Suits, 75c. each.

Wool Suits, $2.49 each.

Exce llent Values in All-Wool Bathing Suits

Priced from $1.50 to $6.75 Suit

You'll like these suits of ours because they are properly and satisfactorily proportioned. Your correct size will permit the utmost of freedom when swimming or diving.

Made from soft all wool yarns, they feel exceedingly comfortable when either wet or dry. Obtainable in a wide range of popular summer resort shades. Sizes for all the family.

Percale Dresses for Girls in Neat, Attractive Patterns. Sizes 3 to 14 years.

Priced $1.00 to $2.50

These are exceptionally fine dresses for holiday wear. Come in neat straight-line styles that are easy to wash and easy to iron. All have short sleeves, which add to their coolness and comfort. The patterns are small yet very effective.

A splendid assortment of styles and colors is obtainable in all the sizes.

Dresses that are Style and Comfort on a Summer's Day. Unusually Good Values.

Double Warp Fugi Silks $7.95 to $19.50

Every woman longs to own one. At our special prices every woman can well afford to own one or more. The dresses come in a clever diversified range of one and two-piece styles, featuring long or short sleeves. The tailoring and workmanship is exceptionally well done. Material retains its lustre after repeated washings. In all sizes.

Corsets, Wraparounds, Combinations In Summer Styles and Summer Weights

Especially designed to give the maximum of comfort for summer wear. They come in a delightful range of styles, featuring correct and comfortable models for every figure-type. Our corset section is now featuring authentic styles from three of Canada's foremost makers. Prices range from $1.50 to $12.50. **We invite your inspection.**

Enjoy Outdoor Summertime

In one of these Attractive Knitted Suits Priced $8.95 to $24.50

Most women, particularly women who motor and golf, depend entirely on knitted sport garments. They are so utterly satisfactory. Motor all day, golf or hike for hours and you finish looking spic and span—absolutely non-crushable.

Styles this season come in two-piece effects. Choose pullovers, coats or cardigans. Each is popular, attractive, fashionable.

They come knitted in the softest of botany yarns, imported zephyr yarns or in silk and wool mixtures.

And in such colors—featuring delicate pastel tones in solid colors, or in one and two color combinations.

Sizes from 34 to 44.

Cut Prices on

Women's and Misses' Summer Drssses

Styles That Were $24.50 to $35.00

Now $18.95 each

Printed Chiffons and Printed Crepe-de-chenes, registered as the outstanding style feature of the closing week of the Paris races. Small figured designs were seen in large numbers. You'll find a splendid variety of printed crepe-de-chine dresses in this special collection of reduced dresses. Other numbers are in plain flat crepe and in georgette. Each and every frock is individually and exclusively styled.

Smart fashions and genuine economy are masterfully combined in this offering **Buy and Save.**

A Seasonable Collecion of Wash Fabrics in White

We have grouped together a splendid collection of wanted Wash Fabrics in White, regular $1.00 to $1.50 yd. to sell for **75c. per yard.** 36 in. wide. In the assortment you will find plain and fancy Voile, White and Black Voile, Cotton Crepe.

As White is very popular at the present time, this special is worth looking at.

Normandy Voiles, to Sell for 59 cents yard

As you know, Normandy Voile has had a splendid reputation for good service. In the assortment are featured Black and White, Navy and White, also a few pieces in colors. All are 36 in. wide and are highly recommended to wash and wear.

100 Imported Correspondence Cards on Sale for 75c. Box

Handsomely boxed Correspondence Cards, imported direct from France. Your choice of many shades of tinted and gold edged paper. Envelopes are gold edged and have fancy linings. While they last on sale at 75c. box.

Grastex Rugs and Mats

Mats, 27 x 54 in., 75c ; Mats, 36 x 63 in., 98c. ; Rugs, 4 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft., $1.85 ; Rugs, 6 ft. x 9 ft., $2.95 ; Rugs, 8 x 10 ft., $4.50 ; Rugs, 9 x 12 ft., $5.95.

These are the good quality, with stencilled borders of contrasting colors. Permanent colors of Brown, Green nad Blue centres. Make ideal covering for halls, summer camps, porches and bed rooms. Mostly Conventional and Oriental designs. Beautiful patterns. The Best low priced floor covering obtainable.

Superior Values in Cotton Bed Spreads

An exceptional value is this fast color Printed Bed Spread 68 x 88 in. size ,at the very low price of $1.79 each.

Large size Colored Krinkle Bed Spreads in stripes of Blue, Mauve or Gold, size 81 x 105 in. Priced $3.25, $4.50 and $4.95 each.

White Krinkle Bed Spreads, the most popular of all white spreads, easily laundered and gives extra long service. 63 x 90 in. at $1.95 each ; 72 x 90 in. at $2.45 and $3.25 each.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

CDSL CDSL

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED

STORE No. 10

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hamilton are holidaying at Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleen Stewart, Toronto, are guests of Mrs. J. R. [illegible].

M. B. Mills attended the [illegible] Poultry Congress in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. S. Miller and daughter, Manitou, Man., are guests of Mrs. J. B. Miller.

Mrs. Shorey is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shorey, [illegible] and children, of Mr. and Mrs. Bay [illegible] Gartley of their [illegible] Calf.

Mr. Thomas J. L. [illegible] born, [illegible] ert [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

Miss Floy McLaughlin returned from Bancroft on Friday.

Miss Lenore Black is visiting relatives at Oak Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Garratt Taylor and family are holidaying at Oak Lake.

Mr. Chas. Stevens, Sr., is spending a few days in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Cole, Watertown, N.Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. A. Scott.

Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Gee, Toronto, are guests of Mrs. Oscar Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs J. S. Ham and Mr. Kenneth Ham spent a few days last week in Toronto, the guests of Mr. Hugh Blain.

Miss Muriel Paul, of the Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, is at home for the summer vacation.

Miss May Dickson, who has been the guest of Miss May Reid, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Chas. N. Jackson, of Oshawa, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bowen.

Mrs. Thos. French, Bancroft, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. R. Sills and other friends.

Prof. and Mrs. W. T. Baird and family have been holidaying at Sans Souci.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stevens and family, Milwaukee, Wis., are guests of Mr. Chas. Stevens, Sr.

Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger and family and Rev. and Mrs. [illegible]son and family are holidaying at Sans Souci.

Gertrude Metzler is spending few weeks in Albany, N.Y., Philadelpia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Wallace, of [illegible], B.C., have been guests of parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]ney.

[illegible]eith Barber arrived [illegible]al on Saturday to [illegible]dmother, Mrs. J. H. [illegible]d uncle, Dr. R. V.

W. P. Deroche [illegible]e are holidaying [illegible]or two weeks, [illegible]on, Peter[illegible]is holidays [illegible] Pringle holidaying [illegible].Y.

[illegible]o and [illegible] Mrs. [illegible].Y.

Mr. Jas. Gordon, Toronto, is renewing acquaintances in Napanee for a short time.

Mr. Herbert Trimble and daughter, Buffalo, N.Y., are guests of his sister, Mrs. Jack Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Pringle and Miss Allie Craig left on Sunday to visit friends in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Miller of New York, are visiting their father, Mr. S. R. Miller, and aunt, Mrs. Freshman.

Miss Laura Vankoughnett, of Toronto, spent the week-end with her aunt, Miss Emma VanAlstyne.

Mr. Limbert Graham, Miss Ruth Graham, and Miss Kathryn Baird are holidaying at Sans Souci.

Messrs. Bert and Olive McMillan are spending the holidays in Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D .Black are spending their holidays at Oak Lake.

Mrs. M. McDonald is visiting her parents at Strathcona.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Howe, Port Credit, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Root and Mr .and Mrs. O. E. Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith, Toronto, spent the week end in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster and family spent the week-end with friends at Cobourg.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy spent the week-end with their daughter, Mrs. Miggs, at Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Vine and baby spent the week-end at Roblin, guests of Mr .and Mrs. C. E. Kimmett.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKeown and family and Mrs. M. E. McKeown spent Sunday at Roblin.

BIRTHS

Chambers—At Napanee, on Saturday, July 30th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Chambers, Market Square, a son—Gerald Warner.

MARRIAGES

Rose—Rodgers—At Napanee, at Grace Church Parsonage, on Wednesday, July 27th, 1927, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, Samuel Peter Rose, to Mary Pearl Rodgers, both of Denbigh.

DEATHS

Gilmour—At Tamworth ,on Saturday, July 23rd, 1927, Margaret Gilmour, aged 80 years.

Murphy—At Tamworth, on Monday, July 25th, 1927, Patrick [illegible].Y.

[illegible]—At Richmond, on Saturday, 30th, 1927, Edith E. [illegible], 63 years, 9 months.

Tamworth, on [illegible] 1927, Mrs. Wil[illegible]d 55 years.

Rev. Truscott has purchased Mr. A. E. Paul's cottage at Sans Souci Camp.

Mrs. Gertie McCracken, Roblin, has purchased one of the houses belonging to the Hosey estate on Bridge street.

Mr. E. R. McCabe has been awarded the contract for redecorating the "Napanee Post Office building.

Geo. A. McGaughey, a former well-known resident of Deseronto died at North Bay on Monday of last week, following a stroke.

Mr. Jas. McGillivray has removed from the second floor of the McGregor store to the store formerly known as the Lille Grey Shoppe.

The pavement dance in aid of the V.O.N. fund was held in front of the Harvey Warner Park on Thursday evening. Though the weather looked somewhat threatening and no doubt deterred many from attending the crowd was a large one and thoroughly enjoyed the music which was funished by Stevens' Orchestra.

Springside Park, the Napanee tourist camp at the eastern entrance of the town is receiving considerable fatronage from passing tourists who find the place an ideal one in which to pass a restful night or two.Every night sees several tents erected at the camp. Citizens of Napanee are also making frequent use of the park for picnic parties.

Pretty Nice Weather Now.

But soon the cold winds will blow—the frost and snow will come—and warmth—the cheery warmth of a comfortable coal heated home—will be necessary.

Do not delay—order your coal now and get the finest domestic coal produced—SCRANTON.

Call us—92—We will be glad to give you service.

VANLUVEN—

A Black Business handled white. 36-a

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins ; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Ps. 103-10 ; "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." II. Cor. 5-1 ; "The Lord shall guide thee continually." Isa. 58-11 ; "With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer," Isa. 54-8 ; "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. 4-9 ; "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," Matt. 1-21.

His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

A BIBLE LOVER.

SCHOOL FAIR DATES

Lennox and Addington, 1927

Odessa	September 12th
Stella	September 13th
Selby	September 14th
Tamworth	September 15th
Anderson	September 16th
Sillsville	September 19th
Denbigh	September 21st
Flinton	September 22nd
Camden East	September 23rd
Centreville	September 26th

ROBERT BENNETT.

On Sunday afternoon, the funeral of Robert Bennett, son of the late William Bennett, of Kingston, was held to Cataraqui Cemetery. Deceased was a native son of Kingston but spent the greater part of his life in Odessa, where he conducted business until a few years ago. He was prominent in Masonic circles, being secretary of Prince Arthur Lodge, No. 228, for a number of years. His wife predeceased him about five years ago. He leaves to mourn his loss two daughters, Mrs. William Daugherty, of Odessa, and Mrs. Snider, of Storm's Corners, and one sister, Mrs. Alfred Howell, of Syracuse, N.Y. The funeral was held from the residence of his grandson, Mr. Carl Daugherty, Brock street, and was conducted by Rev. A. L. McTear, formerly rector of St. Alban's Church, Odessa. In his younger days the late Mr. Bennett was prominent in sports, being a member of the Earls' baseball team and throughout his life was a supporter of all kinds of sport. The floral offerings included, wreaths, Prince Arthur Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKane, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Howell, Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. Chas. McWilliams and family, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Daugherty, Mr .and Mrs. William Daugherty, Odessa ; sprays, W. R. Clugston, Mr. and Mrs J. C. Bennett.

Living Without a Head.

That butterflies live longer when they are decapitated was the extraordinary statement made recently to members of the French Academy of Science. It was the result of an experiment made possible by a new method of bloodless decapitation.

Eighty-four butterflies were beheaded, and a similar number were untouched. Without exception, the headless ones outlived all the others.

Scientists say that this is probably due to the fact that the loss of the head reduces the amount of physical exertion necessary to sustain life.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

ENTERPRISE.

The showers are delaying the farmers in getting in their crops this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert Harton, of Detroit, are visiting under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Toomen Hartin, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie O'Day, from Flint, Mich., are here visiting relatives.

Mr. S. D. Wagar was a caller at T. Scanlin's on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Byron Cronk is home again from the hospital.

Mr. Ed. Fenwick is able to be out again.

Congratulations to Miss Madeline Wagar for passing her music examinations with first class honors.

NO MORE "DULL" SEASONS.

Once an ingenious merchant discovered that the logical time to advertise was when business was slow and in the periodic dull seasons of the year. Ridiculous as it may seem, before that discovery the average business man slowed down in his advertising when business slowed down. He generally ended up the dull seasons with a quarterly sale, but as far a his newspaper advertising was concerned there was no advertising when there was no business.

The modern business man holds a different conception of the purposes and uses of newspaper advertising. When business is not up to his satisfaction he brings it up through increased advertising so that now the merchant, schooled in productive advertising, knows no dull seasons nor diminished business.

There are a few classes of business which have always been known to all business men. Among these are the alternating busy and dull periods of the year, month, week and day. A systematic, effective and economic plan of advertising had to be constructed upon a full knowledge of this business cycle. Business has ever come without coaxing before Christmas, at Easter time, and in the Fall. Extensive advertising has been found to be the only remedy for the business depression epidemic between these three rush periods. People have a habit of confining their shopping to the last of the month, the last three days of the week and the later shopping hours of the day.

From experience merchants have learned that newspaper advertising has successfully eliminated the rush periods and spread the volume of business more evenly over the day, week, month and year. It has prevented congestion, simplified salesmanship and merchandising and increased business.

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinner.

Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, W a x Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing. All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle	75c.
Shampoo	50c.
Hair Cut	35c.
Facials	35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Ostorn's.

Going Out of Business

Everything must be sold at once.

—Seeds of all kinds.
—2 pairs Scales.
—Typewriter.
—Counter.
—Seed Bins.
—Empty Bags.
—Double-barrelled Shot Gun.
—Revolver.
—Maxwell Car.
—A quantity of Household Goods.

GEO. E. WINTER,

Dundas St. Phone 78.